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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

ALL OVER THE WORLD SCENES LIKE THIS ARE TAKING PLACE, CELEBRATING THE FALL OF GERMANY. THIS HAPPY GROUP IS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

THE FRONT PAGE

Thank God For Victory

GERMANY defeated at last! Almost incredible, isn't it, after all we've been through! Let us throw our hats in the air—and let us also give thanks to God. Thanks to God for so much—for the ending or the near-ending of the bloodshed in Europe, for the courage and devotion of the boys who did the fighting and the steadfastness of the people at home who sustained them, for our brave allies, for our powers of production and our rich resources in materials, and for the victories in the Pacific that give us reason to expect that peace will come there too before long.

Let us pray God to make us worthy of peace—that He will grant us the wisdom to so conduct ourselves that war will not come again.

We need wisdom so much—wisdom to realize that with the acknowledged economic interdependence of nations today and with modern methods of communication and transport and, not least, of making war, the world has become too small and vulnerable for us to tolerate the continued existence of unbridled national sovereignties, selfishnesses, jealousies and greeds; that we must set about making it truly one world, and that failure to do this is likely to destroy us; that henceforth we must employ the powers God has given us for man's advancement and not for his despoilation.

God is now giving us another chance to make good in this His world, another chance to show that we can live with our fellow-men of all races as brothers, another chance to use His gifts to man constructively instead of destructively.

God gives us the victory today; we may ask ourselves if we truly deserve it, and whether, if we do not make better use of peace than we have in the past, we are likely to be permitted to survive another war.

Sic Transit?

ONCE upon a time, the heads of three great European powers cooled their heels in his anterooms. This week, an unknown man kicked what was left of his brutal features into shapelessness. Mussolini.

Once upon a time, hundreds of millions of human beings trembled at his thoughts. Today, if he still lives, his henchmen see him, a babbling idiot, making plans to furnish Buckingham Palace for his own use. Hitler.

Mussolini did not turn a brute yesterday. Hitler did not become insane today. Yet while we knew it, while they were torturing and murdering Chinese, Abyssinians, Spaniards and Czechs, we did business with them. While they were torturing and murdering their own Jews, Catholics, Protestants, socialists, communists, and intellectuals at Buchenwald, asking the families of the victims to collect the ashes against payment of a high fee, on postcards which bore the stamp, "Wiemar, the Town of Goethe"—we taught the humanities in our universities and said it could not happen here.

Why? Why? History will give an unequivocal answer to this question, and happier generations will shudder at this answer and they will not think well of us.

As for Hitler and Mussolini—sic transit gloria mundi? No, what has passed here is not the glory of the world, it is the stench of iniquity, and not theirs only. May it not waft back upon us before we are mature enough not to repeat ourselves.

German Socialists

THE Nazis were fond of calling their system, "German socialism." It would be trite to say that there was equality in the horror of their concentration camps. It would also be trite to say that there was no socialism visible in the 800-room villa of Krupp.

But it would be insincere and dangerous to say that this "socialism" had anything in common with the ideal of Marxian parties all over the world; the genuine socialism with which one may agree or disagree, but which, in its own way, strives for equality of opportunity as honestly as does democracy in the capitalist countries.

How could one put these two, "socialism" and socialism, on a par, reading what German armament manufacturers and other industrialists say? A number of these men were, after their capture, interviewed by Allied correspondents. They say that there was nothing wrong with the Nazi system internally; its only fault was that it started this war.

The German industrialists are not so stupid as not to know that fascism means war. But it does not really matter whether they put the Nazis in the saddle because they were greedy and wanted to conquer the world, or because they are stupid. If they were greedy, are we going to expose ourselves to their greed once more? And supposing they are stupid, are we going to expose ourselves to their stupidity once more?

But if we do not want to expose ourselves to them in any way, what are we going to do about them? To argue whether or not Germany should be de-industrialized is like the argument between two men who are pestered by a flea and one of whom says he would wring the flea's neck and the other that he would cut out its biting tools. Of course, they would kill it. But Germany cannot be killed.

Funk and Schacht

WHAT, then, are we going to do about this German "socialist" vermin? They are not stupid. A few days ago, one of them, Funk was reported to attempt setting up a peace government in Bavaria. He is the man who, at the end of the 'twenties, resigned his position as financial editor of a great conservative newspaper in Berlin and moved into that same 800-room villa of Krupp. There he was busy for several years working on a thorough plan of economic world conquest; and then he became Hitler's minister of economics. Now, he suddenly loves peace and hates the Nazis.

Then, take Dr. Schacht. The Nazi propaganda concerning him has become a comedy of late. At least a dozen times in the last few months has he been reported dead, living, dead, living, dead, living. The assumption obviously is that when he turns up in Allied-

(*Continued on Page Three*)

Miss Mary Bridge —Photo by Karsh.

NAME IN THE NEWS

Mary Bridge Helps to Keep Ship In Good State at San Francisco

By COROLYN COX

IT MAY or may not be true, as so widely held, that women have to be twice as good as men in order to secure and hold down the same job in the wide field outside the home. Certain it is the female trail blazers, pioneering into positions women have never held before, carry a grave responsibility to do full justice to their sex since the whole lot will be judged by their performance. Mary Bridge has certainly done her full share in providing ample justification for the wartime policy of letting women into the Department of External Affairs and giving them the jobs, if not the titles, that are held by male diplomats.

Miss Bridge is currently in San Francisco as Assistant Secretary to the Canadian Delegation to the World Security Conference. She is a Clerk Grade Four in the American section of the Department, has for considerable stretches coped successfully with the responsibilities of assistant to the Secretary of the Canada-United States Permanent Joint Board on Defence. She is also Honorary Executive Secretary of the Arctic Institute.

Saskatoon Product

Miss Bridge has all the earmarks of a lass from British Columbia, but as a matter of fact she was born in Doncaster, Yorkshire, England. Her father was a mechanic, had been with the Royal Army Transport Corps in the last war, and as peace came turned his eyes toward Canada as so many ex-service men did. In 1920 he came out here, and after a year on a farm at Lockwood, Saskatchewan, moved in to Saskatoon and went to work for the Street Railway. Mary therefore came up through the Saskatoon public and high schools, nursed a deep-rooted determination to be a school teacher. She explains gaily it was based on the feeling of having been "put under" in the classroom, and when she grew up she was going to get back a bit of her own. Perhaps her classes can best judge how far her ideas subsequently altered.

Miss Bridge was in first year of the University of Saskatchewan when her father died. In case of need she took a summer course in business and stenography, which has stood her in good stead ever since. She entered the University on a scholarship, and when she took her B.A. in 1933 shared with a fellow student the Copeland Scholarship for highest marks in the Class of Arts and Sciences. She at once took the Teachers Training Course at the University.

From 1934 to 38, while Miss Bridge worked for her Master's Degree in history, she held a full time job under Dr. R. K. Lamour who was doing research work on wheat and teaching a large freshman class in chemistry.

Finally came that school teaching business, so long planned and so carefully prepared. Miss Bridge went to the High School at Biggar, Saskatchewan, taught history, Latin and commercial subjects. It wasn't however, what she was born for, and after three years of it she was beginning to look about seriously for an avenue of escape. She had written several times to the Civil Service Commission in Ottawa, without seeing any opportunity, when in 1942 the examination for Clerk Grade Four in Department of External Affairs was advertised. This was the result of a decision by the Department to take on young women to fill posts which under normal circumstances would be occupied by the young men of military age who were then disappearing into the various armed services. Mary's typing came in handy, as the exam she took asked for someone to do secretarial work for the Permanent Joint Board on Defence. She wrote the paper in Saskatoon, came on to Ottawa as the second young woman taken into the Department.

Miss Bridge found out about the wartime pace in External Affairs Department right away. She arrived in Ottawa on Easter Monday, was bustled off to Montreal that same afternoon to take notes of a meeting of the Permanent Joint Board! She became secretary to the Secretary of the Canadian Section, Dr. Keenleyside. Dr. Keenleyside, before he came to the Department, was a very successful university professor. The young neophyte coming into the Department under his aegis was both ably guided and generously encouraged. Miss Bridge's hardest task was to learn to write letters in diplomatic language. She hadn't been long on her job when Dr. Keenleyside called her in about one of her efforts addressed to another Government Department, saying, "Miss Bridge, not even a woman can talk to a Deputy Minister like that." Just before leaving for San Francisco Miss Bridge was edified by having her present chief send in a draft letter for her to couch in diplomatic language. The young lady has now mastered the art.

Mary Bridge has had the usual run of experience that would come to a Third Secretary appointed to the Department. At first you get all the odds and ends nobody else wants to do, and gradually you are trusted with responsible tasks. She has attended enough meetings of notables to have acquired long since the ability to enter a room full of "gold braid" without her knees wobbling. She has worked on a large variety of Selective Service problems, including Canadians in the United States, dealt with a wide range of correspondence—and there are always memoranda to be written.

Organizing Job

Conferences are a hectic undertaking for the junior personnel who must gather up the papers and files that will be needed, get them shipped to wherever the conference is to be held, and as the days roll on keep all the papers in order, list the innumerable ones that come in, perhaps keep a digest of them to save the time of overworked senior members. Secretaries to the San Francisco Conference are responsible for the documentation of the Canadian Delegation, and for a conference on World Organization, that covers a lot of territory.

No one knows as yet what will be the fate of the splendid team of young women who came into Department of External Affairs in the time of war crisis. As war service preference regulations stand at present in respect to the Civil Service, no woman is likely to be eligible for any of the better posts in the service in the span of the living generation. But women in the Department of External Affairs, as typified by Miss Bridge, have succeeded on merit.

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Labor in Quebec

IT HAS been brought to SATURDAY NIGHT'S attention that an article written by Corolyn Cox and published in the March 31 issue of this paper contained some statements and implications which, if accepted as authentic, would be misleading to our readers and damaging to the reputation of the textile companies operating in the Province of Quebec.

The article was a biographical sketch of Miss Madeleine Parent, an organizer of labor unions in the textile industry. In the description of her activities in this field, statements were made to the effect that the industry had been paying as little as 18 and 20 cents an hour with no holidays; that many children between the ages of 11 and 13 had been employed; that, as a result of union activities, child labor has been reduced, especially on night shifts.

From information supplied by various firms in the Quebec textile industry, we have been shown that the implications of low wages and the employment of child labor are not true. Actually, we are advised, wages paid in the Quebec cotton textile industry compare favorably with wages in other industries requiring similar skill. There are child-labor laws in Quebec and the companies not only obey these, we are told, but go a bit further than is required in this respect.

It is always a matter of concern when conscientious editors find that errors have crept into their columns. Our principal regret in this instance is that our readers have been misinformed, but we also wish to express our regrets to the textile companies concerned.

• •

OASIS

YOU are my most beloved elements
Composed of earth and sky and the clear note
Of early sunlight,
You are water images that move across the desert sky,
You mirage the deep pool of love. See
How willing I am to drown
In your deceptive fountains.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Women Workers and Marriage; Support for Mr. Woodside

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THREE cheers for David Newman ("Does wife-worship make women's dependency too attractive?" your issue of April 7)! But I'd just like to ask: How old is he? I hope he is young, a harbinger of a new spring of feminism, not a hangover from the twenties like myself.

His are the ideas with which I and my friends graduated after the last war. Jobs were plentiful: we didn't worry about getting *a* job, but about getting an interesting one; and, having settled into an interesting career, we asked why we should give it up if we happened to marry? But in the thirties when it was difficult just to make a living those ideas were lost sight of. When so many girls *had* to keep working if they were to marry at all, it began to look as though marrying a man who could support you was the easiest way of earning a living.

I trust that Mr. Newman is not alone in his views and that there will be enough new Adams to go around the new Eves which this war will no doubt bring forth as the last one did.

Hamilton, Ont. FREDA F. WALDON

Family Allowances

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR edition of April 14 I read with interest a letter from Don Stairs of Toronto, and would like to say there are many other Canadians who are alarmed over this scheme to deflect at least two hundred and fifty million dollars a year of the national income to one purpose.

If, as Mr. Donald Gordon tells us, the danger of inflation is great and likely to become greater, why add to it by "dumping these millions of purchasing power into the market" at this time?

Most people had hoped for a slight lessening of the burden of excessive taxation sometime after the war. But a sad awakening awaits them once this iniquitous measure goes into effect. I wonder what the average man thinks of it? Most men, I think, like to feel that by their own personal efforts they can care for their families without the financial help of their friends. This warming feeling of satisfaction can no longer be theirs.

In conclusion I can fully understand the Liberal Government's having introduced such a measure at this time; what I cannot understand is its endorsement by the Progressive Conservatives and the C.C.F.

Winnipeg, Man. CHARLOTTE MORRISON

Through Realist Glasses

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WILLSON WOODSIDE'S article on the Russian attitude, in your issue of April 7, seems to me to be a very able and interesting presentment of one side of the case.

Russia did not enter the war to help the democratic powers; she was forced into it by Hitler and she fights for her own survival. The "unity" to which she is now a party is a unity forced by military necessity and circumscribed by it.

What valid reason have we to expect that her postwar aims should march with ours, or that she should now repose a touching confidence in military allies which yesterday were her enemies?

That Russia is playing a lone hand is true, and why not? Past experience has taught her that it is the only safe hand she can play. She has little faith in the altruistic motives proclaimed by the Devil when he is sick.

Why is so much stress laid upon Poland? Was Poland a democratic power? No one would call her so, but it was on the Polish question that we made war on Germany. We did nothing to help democracy in Spain which was close at hand and of which surely we knew something, nor Czechoslovakia — "A far-away people of whom we know nothing," but of Poland, still further away and of which we know less, Chamberlain constituted himself the champion.

Poland of course was the hereditary enemy of Russia; had this fact anything to do with British action? Russia may surely be excused if she thought it had. Doubtless she remembers also "The gallant little Finns" and our attitude thereto.

Mr. Willson Woodside asks, in reference to Russian action re Dumbarton Oaks, "Is this Democracy?" No, it is not, but why be surprised or indignant. Russia is not a democracy and has no concern with democratic ideals as exemplified by the democratic powers. How many of the nations invited to San Francisco are democracies? The British Empire, apart from the Commonwealth, is not democratic. Are China, Turkey, India, the South American Republics, the Dutch East Indies democracies? How many nations that were represented at Dumbarton Oaks have not yet established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union?

No, we may as well be as realistic as the Russians themselves and admit that the Kremlin is not interested in a "democratic world organization" such as would suit, for instance, the United States or Great Britain. She is busy, as Mr. Woodside says, in building her spheres of influence in Eastern Europe; perhaps she remembers "the cordon sanitaire" and is taking steps to prevent its rebuilding. Spheres of influence are not new in the diplomatic world; they are not peculiar to Russia. Are the other powers, large or small, democratic or otherwise, prepared to abandon their spheres of influence in the Pacific, in the near East, in Africa or Egypt?

The great argument in Russian hands is the Red Army—power. She is using it in what she considers to be her own interest—surely nothing to be wondered at in the world we live in.

Outremont, Que. GEO. E. WRIGHT

NOTE:—The cynical point-of-view with respect to the great Powers is not difficult to take. But this war has uncloaked unprecedented horrors of cruelty and destruction, which, through instantaneous modern communications, are known in detail to all the world. When the delegates to San Francisco say with passion, "This must never happen again!" are we entitled to question their sincerity in seeking new paths of action? Perhaps we can better wait and see.—Ed.

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

occupied territory at last, the Allies, consumed by suspense over his fate, will joyfully embrace him as the only man who could bring order into the German chaos, for the benefit of the Allies of course; and unless some uninformed German kills him accidentally and prematurely.

We have often expressed our opinion in these columns that socialism in Germany is out of the question immediately after this war. But we never meant to say that capitalism in postwar Germany should be managed by the Funks and Schachts. Let us not forget that no matter what form and substance any economics system has, it is run by men. And let us, in this moment of victory, begin where begin we must—by removing these "socialists" from the German scene and, thus, from the scene of the world.

California

IN THE remarkably able series of brief addresses with which the San Francisco Conference was opened on April 25, mention was made by both the Governor of California and the Mayor of San Francisco of the international backgrounds of that State; an allusion highly appropriate to such an occasion. If heard aright over the air, one of them made an allusion to six different flags which at various times had flown over the territory known as California. It probably puzzled some of his immediate hearers; and it is also possible that some from afar had already been puzzled at finding themselves in the midst of a group of cities with Spanish names like San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and so on.

The histories show that within the past 125 years California has been under three flags. It was claimed as Spanish territory by Juan Cabrillo in 1542 before the years of English and French settlement in North America. It remained under Spanish rule until 1822; two hundred and eighty years. In 1822 it declared its allegiance to the Republic of Mexico and was a dependency of that country until 1847. In the latter year as a consequence of the Mexican war it was annexed to the United States. Because of gold discoveries in 1849 it gained the rank of Statehood in 1850, a much shorter period than in the case of any new territory acquired by the U.S.A.

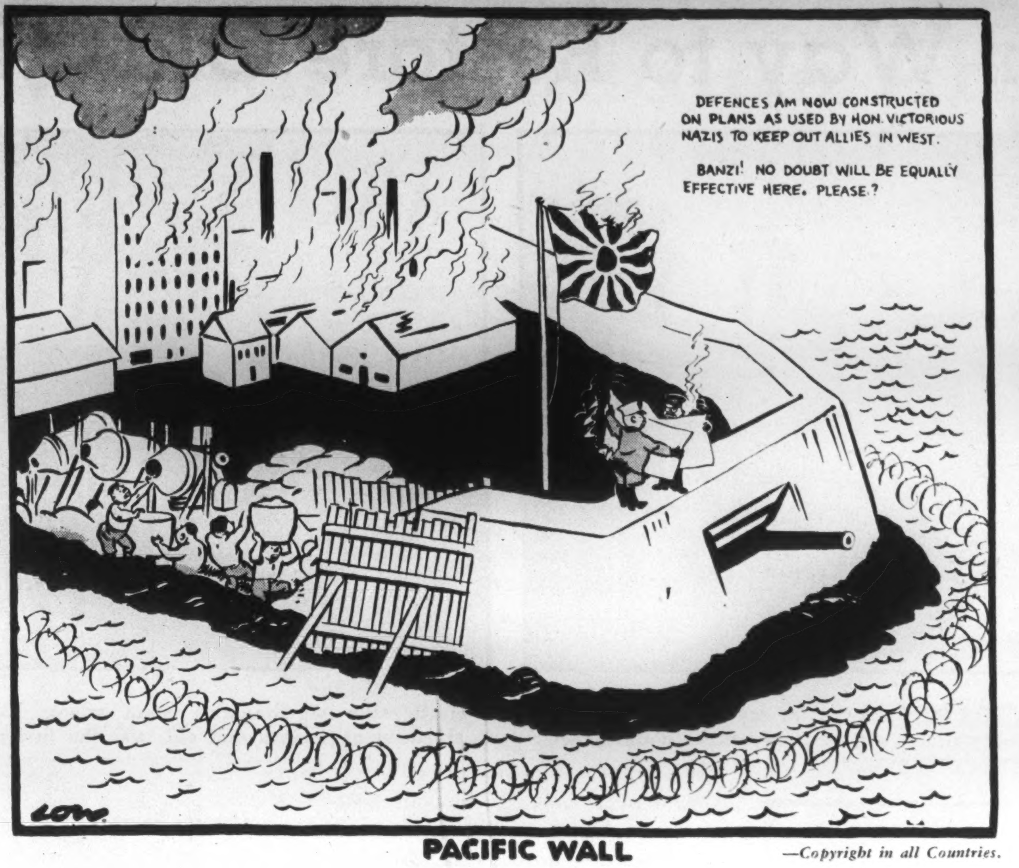
These facts signify three flags definitely. The allusion to three more recalls the fact that the territory known to the Spanish as California extended much farther north than the present boundaries of the State. It included what are now the States of Oregon and Washington which a century ago the Hudson's Bay Company operating under the British flag regarded as their own. The lower waters of the Columbia River in what is now Oregon were the chief scene of the activities of the Montreal-born fur trader Ogden for whom Ogden City, Utah, is named. Another Canadian officer of the H. B. Company, David Thomson, explored much of what was then called California alone. Another flag signified was probably that of Russia, which unsuccessfully tried to establish itself far south on the Pacific Coast after appropriating Alaska. Russian activities cropped up during several decades and were in fact the cause of Spain's sending expeditions which established San Francisco. The very first application of a Monroe Doctrine was against Russia which was still seeking a permanent foothold on what is now U.S. territory. The sixth flag alluded to was probably that of the Southern Confederacy which for a time in 1861 tried to hold California, but was driven out by Gen. Fremont. Certainly the United Nations could have found no spot for a Conference in the New World in which more nations have been interested.

SPEECH FOR SAN FRANCISCO

GENTLEMEN,

We are here through the courtesy of those who
    might have lived.
Had things been different.
We represent two kinds of constituents, the
    dead and the quick,
And although the dead are unable now to make
    a satisfactory show of hands,
They have in a very practical way already
    voted for democracy
And resolutions endorsing freedom and the
    rights of man.
We will have an opportunity to add our votes
To those cast earlier by innumerable tail
    gunners,
Sailors who swam in burning oil, not to mention
    mutilated maquis.
They might be listening when the count is
    taken.
As for the living, we know they may not all
    agree on method,
But a comfortable majority looks for a similar
    net result,
Having to do with children no longer bloated
    with hunger,
A minimum of mayhem,
And a certain state lending itself to dignity
    and decency
In human affairs, highly desired home
    appliances
Not yet available in sufficient quantities for
    general distribution
Due to circumstances over which we *could* have
    considerable control.
We meet here at the high tide of our triumphs.
God grant us all humility and understanding
    hearts.

HUGH PRYCE



PACIFIC WALL —*Copyright in all Countries.*

Thy Brother's Keeper

WE ARE told that American troops in Germany forced the townspeople of Nordhausen, site of one of the infamous concentration camps, to bury the pitiful victims of Nazi sadism. On its face this incident implies that average Germans knew little of the crimes committed, and must have gone on with their normal day-to-day affairs in complete indifference to the conditions existing in the camp close by. But ignorance cannot excuse the German people from responsibility for the crimes which actually may have been committed by only a small minority of the total population.

For danger lies, and the same danger exists in all countries, in this very indifference and callousness, which is indicated by the decline in what might be called ordinary Christian consideration for others.

Unquestionably the Germans knew that the imprisoned Russians, Jews and even German political prisoners weren't being well-treated . . . but "after all," they excused themselves, "these are enemies of the Reich, traitors, even" . . . and certainly it was easier on German sensibilities to shut their eyes and actually forget that these prisoners existed. They considered it was "none of their business." They shrugged off the responsibility; "besides what could one person, or even two or three who might protest such cruel treatment accomplish, except perhaps bring down the same punishment on themselves."

This latter is quite likely true, but it is just this type of reasoning that excuses indifference and callousness of all kinds, beginning in small matters, through increasing lapses in the exercise of those courtesies, which so many nowadays choose to consider unimportant, but which eventually lead to an habitual averting of one's eyes from the suffering and discomfort of others.

It is from just such small roots, that criminal indifference, grown to these astounding proportions in Germany, can develop. The danger lies not only in the Reich, but wherever these ordinary acts of thoughtfulness (so common to civilized folk, we are likely to forget they are wholly Christian in origin) are allowed to fall into neglect.

Nowadays this decline can be noted in our streetcars. It isn't that the folks who rush in and occupy the seats, or sit still while the aged, the lame, the blind and women with small children are allowed to stand, are intentionally unkind. They simply refuse to look to see if there are others who should be given consideration. They bury their noses in newspapers, or even in some cases, actually look the other way, when someone, an old lady, or a mother with children passes before them. "Let someone else do it—what right have old ladies and mothers with children to be on street cars in rush hours?"

True enough, but that doesn't free the individual from his responsibility in the matter. For it is this type of indifference and callousness to the welfare of others that can insidiously develop into the monster, the like of which arose in Germany.

Fifty Years of X-Ray

THE present spring has been marked by two anniversaries of inestimable importance in the history of Science; the centenary of the birth of Wilhelm Konrad von Roentgen; and the semi-centenary of his discovery of X-ray, a name he himself devised. Roentgen was the product of an era when Germany still had something to give to the world in the way of culture and scientific progress. He was a Prussian by birth and was a professor at the ancient University of Wurzburg, Bavaria, when he made his discovery during experiments with electric discharges in vacuum tubes. News reached the outside world through the University of Vienna where his conclusions were tested. In 1899 Roentgen became Director of the Physical Institute of Munich, where he died in 1893 in his 78th year.

It was a discovery destined to revolutionize physics and modern surgery. When the newspapers first began to publish articles, in part imaginary, on the wonders of X-ray, the public was at first incredulous, as in the case of Marconi's discovery of the possibility of wireless communication. But scientists in all the leading university laboratories were soon at work, and its practical uses for the welfare of mankind were developed, largely under British auspices.

It was speedily taken up in England by Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, and immensely important developments were also attained in the laboratories of McGill University, Montreal, by the great radiologist, Prof. Ernest Rutherford, afterwards elevated to the House of Lords.

The Passing Show

MR. HEPBURN is evidently confident of a great revival of liberalism throughout Ontario with his election promise of a $25 minimum weekly wage for men.

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The longest sentence spoken in the last session of Parliament, according to Hansard, contained 121 words. No prizes are offered for naming the distinguished gentleman who made this breathless record.

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It looks as though Goebbels, in declaring that "events are balanced on a razor-edge", still hoped to get off with a close shave.

•

General Foschini, former Italian Minister of Information, revealed that when Mussolini handed in his resignation, the fallen leader exclaimed: "I am only an empty bottle". The Duce, of course, was suffering from illusions of grandeur. Empties are valued as high as two cents apiece.

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$24, 879, 510, 546 IS APPROVED
FOR NAVY TO KNOCK JAPAN OUT
—Headline in Christian Science Monitor.

Readers are cautioned that this figure is only approximate to the nearest dollar.

•

Embarrasing—The Map-Makers

"OH, the money we've spent on maps,
    World Mercators and States,
When we might have been shooting craps
    Like the sophisticates.
Nothing changes for gambling men,
    We're in Depression Valley,"
(So said Rand in his office den.)
    "Ain't it, Mr. McNally?"

"It's the changes," McNally said,
    "Scarce can we turn our backs
Till the best of our maps are dead
    Owing to war's attacks.
Statesmen, diplomats, all the crew
    Plotting behind drawn blinds! !
Let's go fishing, just me and you,
    Till they make up their minds."

J. E. M.

•

Premier Duplessis says that there is nothing left to tax but patience. The patience is entirely his—not ours.

•

Hitler's latest order calling for guerilla warfare was a mis-spelled version of the real situation which indicates that, true to his species, he was not only up a tree, but also out on a limb.

•

By this time, most people—having parted with their income tax returns—will know how well off they very hearly were.

•

A Canton, N.J. news item tells how bees, tempted out by unseasonable warmth and finding no blossom, pursued shoppers carrying fruit and vegetables. With almost human intelligence, the creatures made a beeline for their nearest black market.

•

An Allergy

I'd like to be the man whose face is
Often seen in public places
Shooting off its great big mouth,
East and west and north and south.
    Then, I think, for the public good
    I'd cut my throat. Indeed I would.

STUART HEMSLEY

•

Japan has only a quarter of its warships left. Its Navy has been blown to a couple of bits.

•

A magazine contributor writes that, today, weather forecasters are doing a fine job. But when they come to tomorrow, they're all wet.

•

A trade journal has released the information that the output of juke boxes will be trebled after the war. This seems to be one of those emergencies the San Francisco conference has overlooked.

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The Schools Motion Picture Committee of New York recommended seven current Hollywood films as being suitable for children between 8 and 14. Our own feeling is that the ages mentioned are a little on the high side.

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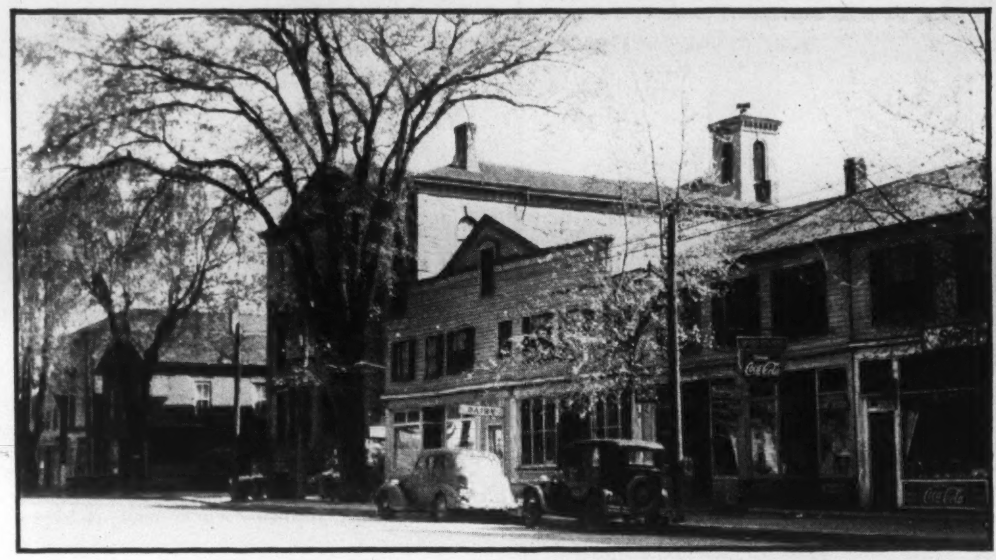
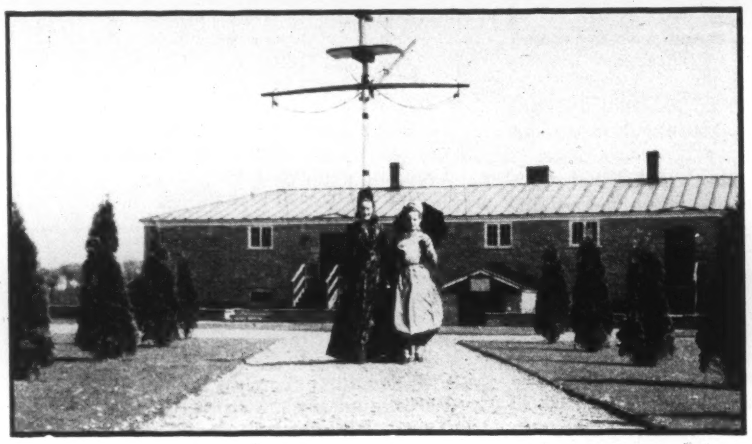
At a recent parley of the Association of Millinery Manufacturers, it was suggested they form an international body "that will enable us to enjoy a life of peace and harmony". A good start would be to offer a prize for designing a lady's hat that a husband could live with.

Plans Under Way to Restore Old-Time Niagara



Old Queen Street, Niagara-on-the-Lake, looks like this today, a far cry from 1812. Yet a bit of carpentry and white paint and a few alterations will certainly make a difference.

North side of Niagara's main street. Drugstore on the right, now an incongruous blending of modern and old, was the first pharmacist's shop established in Upper Canada.



Girls in costumes of General Brock's day lend atmosphere to old navy yard, now restored, as it was when British built Great Lakes ships here.

The Planning Committee is set upon preserving homes like this century-old Clench house, one of the few maintained in their original style.

By Robert H. Edgar

IN THIS sleepy and picturesque little town on the upper rim of Niagara's gorge, cradle of culture and government in English-speaking Upper Canada, plans are being laid to effect a re-transformation back to the days of General Sir Isaac Brant, Butler's rangers and of the other noble and not-so-noble figures of the early settlement of British Canada around the Great Lakes. In the long range view it is ultimately hoped to remodel Niagara into the "Williamsburg" of Canada, as a seat of cultural and historical value unique in the Dominion.

Founded in the early 1780's by Loyalist settlers from the bumptious Thirteen Colonies to the south, Niagara watched the passing parade of history for nearly 50 years, before the economic, cultural and administrative centre of gravity moved north, to York, now Toronto. John Graves Simcoe, the stern patrician of the Family Compact and government by paternalism, founded the settlement, as Newark, in 1792, strengthened it as a military centre and laid out its streets along what today bright young men are discovering all for themselves as ideal town planning lines.

Governor Simcoe ran one parliament, in the old Masonic Temple, for a couple of years, passed an anti-slavery law, then, in 1793 moved north to the safer zone of York. Niagara remained important for many years and now lays claim to being the seat of such British Canadian firsts as the first newspaper—25 in all have lived and died there—the first law office, first dramatic society, first pharmacist's shop, which is still in operation, and birthplace of the first Canadian novel, Kirby's "Golden Dog." It was also sacked and burned to its chimney bricks by the invading Americans under McClury in 1815.

Fifty or sixty years ago the little community fell asleep and the world passed it by. Since then its population has been on a slow decline, its young people moving away. It is the world of its youth and vigor and tradition that the newly-formed Niagara Post War Planning Committee wants to recreate.

LOCAL merchants have started the ball rolling with the nucleus of a planning fund. A Toronto architect has been hired, his first job to replan the little main street, Queen St. Down will come the soft drink and cigarette signs, the gingerbread and false fronts of the Victorian era; the tin-covered filling station on the corner will be rebuilt; the local bank will be altered from its Edwardian portliness, and the telephone office will have its face lifted. A bit of carpentry and white paint will accomplish most of the commercial restoration.

The town's old houses, most of which were built more than a century ago, will require more repair than alteration. Some of them have been kept up admirably, principally those whose occupants are descendants of the original owners, or who are wealthy Buffalo, N.Y. businessmen. Other owners will need financial aid, and possibly some persuasion, before they can or will do any rebuilding.

In many cases, as in such lovely old homes as the Jarrold house, whose interior woodwork is a model of early Canadian craftsmanship; the Clench house; "The Poplars," whose lawn is covered with huge old Carolina poplars and magnolias from the Southland, and the former home of Jefferson Davis, Confederate president in the Civil War, will need little change. Protection, instead is required, to prevent such buildings from being turned into tourist homes or torn down.

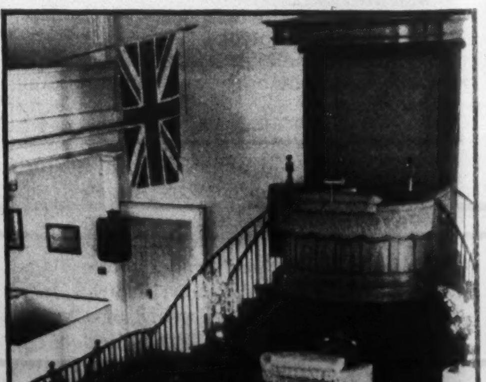
Gerald Noxon, secretary of the Committee's Historical Section, sees Niagara rebuilt not only as a wonderful tourist centre, but, looking at it from the cultural point of view, as an ideal site for Canadian and International, historical, literary and arts societies.

Originator of the "Williamsburg" plan for Niagara is the minister of the town's Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. Lloyd Hughes, whose own St. Andrew's Church, built in 1831 and restored in 1937, is an almost perfect example of Georgian-Colonial structure. Unlike Williamsburg, however, Niagara has no angel, as the American town had in John D. Rockefeller, whose millions rebuilt the old town, and though local public spirit may be unbounded, local funds are not, and the implementation of the ultimate plan will almost certainly require federal or provincial aid, perhaps both.

Brick arching over windows of Harrison house (1815) is style peculiar to Edinburgh.

130-year old staircase is pure Canadiana. Gown worn by Gwyn Hughes dates earlier.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church (1831), one of oldest churches of storied Upper Canada.



Interior embodies simple yet graceful design of early craftsmen. Note old family box pews.

Here is the War as Canadian Artists Saw It

"Briefing", prior to early morning show, Marcianise, Italy, 1944.
Water color, by F/O P. A. Goranson, R.C.A.F.

By Madge MacBeth

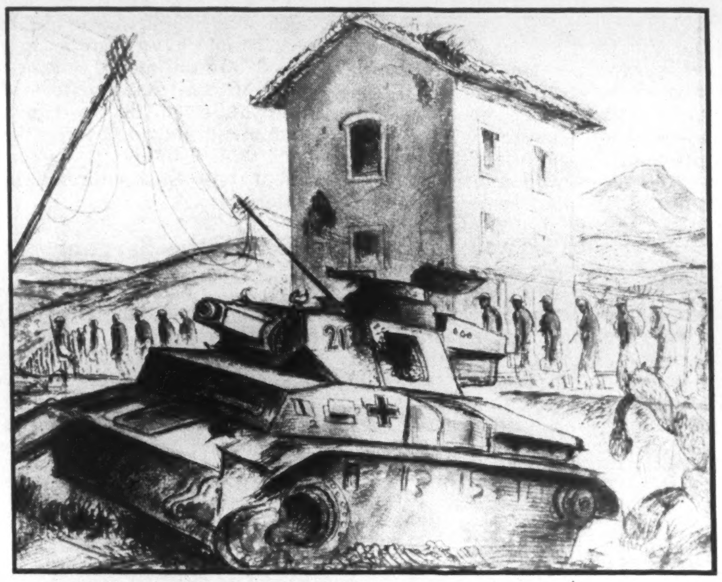
A STIRRING exhibition of paintings by Canadian War Artists, which opened at the National Gallery, Ottawa, is currently showing at the Art Gallery of Toronto, in connection with the Eighth Victory Loan Campaign. Between two and three hundred pictures comprise the show, which was officially opened in Toronto, May 3, by Col. the Hon. Colin Gibson, Minister of National Defence for Air. Work of members of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Merchant Marine is featured. All the artists have had military training and many of them have had battle experience with Front Line troops.

It is not strange therefore, that a feeling of actuality, of "having been there" marks their work. There are oils, water colors—these latter predominate—and several chalk and charcoal sketches. The men made sketches in the field, and later worked them up in some base studio.

War in practically all its phases is recorded. There are planes, tanks, guns, ships, companies of men in action; portraits of officers, privates and prisoners-of-war; scenes of England, France, Sicily, Italy, Africa and Kiska. There are dreadful, grim, realistic pictures and there are ones over whose desolation a high romantic loveliness glows. Many familiar names lurk in the corners of the pictures, but an interesting feature of the Exhibition is that there are so many new names among the artists. The judges who chose these patently able young men are to be congratulated.

"Demolished German Vehicles, near Ortona, Italy, 1944".
Water color, by Capt. L. P. Harris.

"Shore Scene—Navy".
By Lt. Donald Cameron MacKay, R.C.N.V.R.



"Disabled German Light Tank and Prisoners, Sicily, 1943".
Pen and water color sketch, by Capt. W. A. Ogilvie.

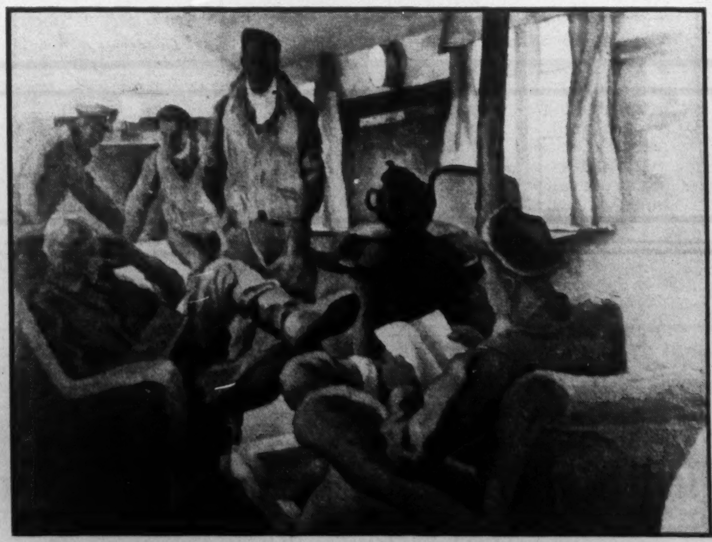
"Crossing the Volturno", Italy, April, 1944.
Water color, by F/O P. A. Goranson, R.C.A.F.

"Defence of Coastal Command", Ireland, 1943.
Water color, by Capt. George Pepper.

"The Ruhr Express", R.C.A.F. No. 6 Bomber Group, 1944".
Water color, by Flt. Lieut. Carl Schaefer.

"D-Day",
By Sub-Lieutenant Tom Wood, R.C.N.V.R.

"The Black Watch Embarking in Storm Boats".
Water color, by Flt. Lieut. Eric Aldwinckle.



"Dispersal Hut", 403 Squadron, Kenley, May 1943".
Oil, by F/O Edwin H. Holgate.

Partial Controls Won't Make Germany "Safe"

By NORMAN SHELDON

What control will be effective over Germany's industrial machine, the mainspring of her militarism?

The writer disagrees with the current suggestions for technical disarmament which would suppress nitrogen and hydrogenation plants or prohibit manufacture of machine tools as being incomplete. They do not take into account scientific advance which is capable of completely altering the tools of war.

Our greatest safety device, Mr. Sheldon suggests, would be to make sure that our own industrial systems are highly scientific and in advance of the Germans.

THE security of the Allies and our future prosperity depend on our ability to take the lead in scientific development, and on the manner in which we control Germany.

Seventy-five years ago Germany realized that supremacy in science was one of the essentials to victory in any future war. Bismarck and his advisers found that some of the optical instruments needed for the direction of the German army during the Franco-Prussian war were coming from England, and he saw that if Germany was to conquer the rest of Europe, they must gain control of these new scientific industries. At the time of the Napoleonic wars, the finest optical glass was made in England. Napoleon is said to have used an English telescope.

In 1891, the factories already established by Zeiss, Abbe, and Schott for the production of optical instruments, and optical and scientific glassware, were merged into what was virtually a state-controlled and state-administered enterprise, and a world monopoly was quickly established.

These factories provided the equipment for research laboratories and their success encouraged the scientific approach to many other industries. The great German chemical industry was a logical outcome.

By 1914 German science had gained control of all those industries. It was done quietly and efficiently and no one seemed to realize that these innocent-looking factories, and their industrious scientific workers, were preparing to let loose a new form of Hell in Europe.

The two great wars fought on European soil within 30 years have been longer and more terrible than they should have been because we allowed one nation to become pre-eminent in the manufacture of every kind of scientific instrument and equipment, and to develop the industries which follow from the activities of those engaged in making these materials.

Science the Servant

German science is the servant of German aggression. Every scientific device, every skilled worker, served the demand of her leaders for more diabolical instruments of war, of torture and destruction. The workers were trained and factories developed beyond her peace-time needs by supplying the nations she prepared to attack, and so preventing them from having their own factories and their own skilled workers, which would be so necessary if they were to resist aggression. Shall we allow that to happen again?

Many proposals have been put forward for the technical disarmament of Germany. Squadron Leader Murray Harris has suggested that by suppressing the nitrogen and hydrogenation plants for the production of synthetic nitrate used for explosives and oil fuel we should render Germany powerless. Others suggest the control or prohibition of the manufacture of machine tools, or of the supply of rare metals used in steel manufacture.

Striking contrast is afforded → in this photograph of Gen. Sir Charles Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief in India, as he converses with a soldier tribesman at a frontier post. Here East meets West on friendly terms.

Proposals of this kind ensure a temporary advantage, because, at present we rely upon nitrates and oil fuel for the blasting power of our shells and bombs and the motive power of our airplanes and tanks; but who dare say that this will be true in 20 years' time?

The science of explosives is in its infancy, and tremendous advances are to be expected. We may be reasonably certain that there are other ways of destroying our fellows than by blasting them with nitrogen products, and there will be other forms of fuel than those derived from synthetic hydrogen products.

We know something of the secret weapons about which Germany boasts. The flying bombs have taught us that these boasts are not without foundation. We have seen terrible weapons of destruction come flying through the sky for hundreds of miles without the guidance of human hand. We are told that they are crude, and that they were launched in a hurry before they had been perfected. If the flying bombs are a crude sample, what will the finished product be like?

Secret Weapons

If we attempt to control Germany's war potential by singling out certain industries for special attention, and leaving her free to develop in other directions by means of the intensive application of science to the search for new materials, new substitutes for old materials which we prohibit, we shall wake up one day to find that we are faced with many secret weapons that have been brought to perfection by the research workers who appeared to be concerned with the problems of supplying the domestic needs of their people.

This war has taught us how rapidly and completely changes can take place. Plastics take the place of metal and glass. Wood returns in a new form as a material from which we make airplanes. New explosives of devastating power and a whole armory of new weapons, often simply conceived and easily made, have come into common use.

No, we cannot risk allowing the German nation to engage in intensive and uncontrolled research, or to continue to supply the world with materials that aid this research, and whose manufacture creates a training ground for the skilled artificers of war. We must control the forces of destruction at their fountain head.

And the greatest control that we can exercise is to advance ourselves technically so that we far outdistance the Germans. To do this the Allied nations must develop highly scientific industrial systems.

Scientific research is the foundation of our future prosperity and the small industries which make the instruments with which our scientists work are the "Master Keys" to all future progress.

For 70 years Germany held the "Master Keys", but by her foul conduct she has forfeited her place as the chief supplier of these goods and as the leader in scientific research. We may need to prohibit their manufacture in Germany altogether.

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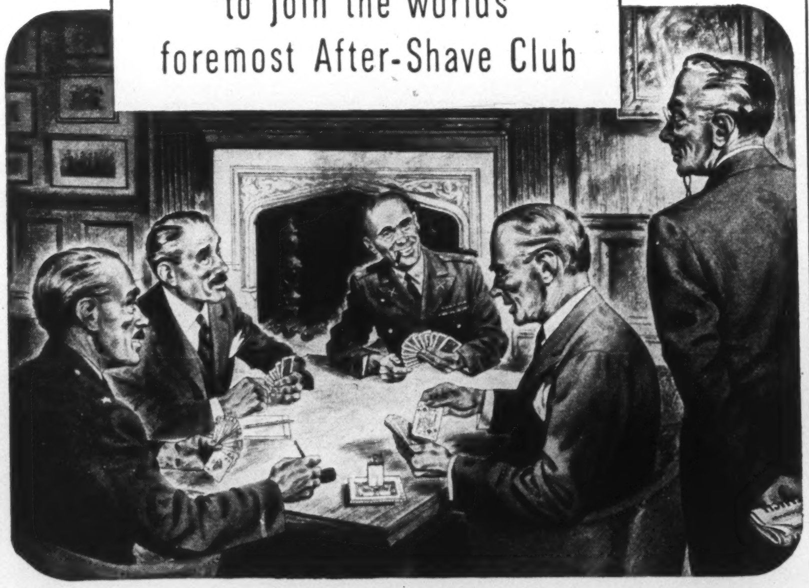

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The struggle goes on, although the danger of invasion has passed. But let us beware lest we take a "State of War" for granted, and forget our obligations to those who still endure the ordeal of battle and suffer the agony of blood and tears.

All that we can do to end this agony of blood and toil, tears and sweat must be done. We must continue to work, to save and to lend—and buy more and *still more* Victory Bonds.

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CANADA AT SAN FRANCISCO

Canadian Delegation is Following Policy of Watching and Waiting

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY

San Francisco

CANADA'S tri-Party parliamentary delegation at the United Nations Conference at San Francisco presents the spectacle of a group of men working as a team while getting ready to knock the props from underneath one another's positions in public life.

The spectacle of the Prime Minister, Gordon Graydon and M. J. Coldwell sitting together in front seats in this constituent assembly of the United Nations is a marked contrast to the detached and isolated positions, relative to one another, that they occupy in the House of Commons, and a still greater contrast to the way they will perform in the next few weeks when they get back to Canada and start campaigning for votes.

There can be no doubt, however, that the Canadian delegation is working as a unit. The most complete exchange of views and information has taken place between them and their efficient team of diplomatic advisers. The principle upon which they work is that Canada's position is sure of respect and that the delegation does not have to make a lot of noise to command attention for its views. During the earlier stages of the Conference a good deal less was heard from Canada than from some other nations outside the circle of the Big Four sponsoring powers.

It so happens that the tactics being followed by the delegation correspond very closely to those which Mr. King follows in domestic policy, but they also correspond closely to the trend of thought displayed generally by members of the House of Commons in the debate on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals.

The status of the so-called "Middle Powers" in the proposed security organization came to the fore in the Commons' debate and is very much to the fore at San Francisco. If there are to be Middle Powers, Canada on any logical standard rates at the top of them. The tenor of most Progressive-Conservative and some Liberal members' speeches at Ottawa, however, was against any undue insistence by Canada on claims for a special position and against any tendency to assume leadership of a bloc.

When the Conference actually began it was Australia which came out most vigorously for the rights of the Middle Powers to a larger say in the affairs of the Security Council of the organization that is contemplated in the original Dumbarton Oaks draft. The only difference is that Australia calls them "Security Powers" and the Canadian group, which never liked the term "Middle Powers" anyway, is inclined to agree with this as a better description.

Russia's Attitude

Soviet Russia's attitude towards the Middle Power problem may well be decisive since it is now known that the United Kingdom is agreed on the desirability of recognizing an intermediate class between the Great Powers and the general run of nations and there are no very compelling reasons why the United States should take a contrary stand.

The British, however, differ from both the Canadians and the Australians in having much more difficulty in finding a formula for the definition of Middle or Security Power status. The whole thing was threshed out at the pre-Conference Commonwealth talks in London and the issue is now up to the Conference. The Canadian group would claim Middle Power status for those nations which, next after the five states to be accorded permanent seats on the Security Council, will be called on to contribute most to military and economic action for the stopping of aggression.

Since a lot depends on the location of the aggression in anticipating the contribution a particular Middle Power might be called upon to make, the question of representation is important. Canada as a Middle Power could not represent Australia on the Security Council on a matter of trouble in the South Pacific. The aim of the Canadian group is a formula under which a Security Council seat would be reserved for a Middle Power in each of perhaps four regions.

The top people in the Canadian delegation are nominally divided into two parts, delegates and senior advisers. Actually the class of senior advisers falls into two divisions, policy-makers and contact-makers. The policy-makers are Norman Robertson, Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs and Hume Wrong, Associate Under-Secretary. The contact-makers are Ambassadors called back from foreign capitals to serve at the Conference and to keep the delegation in touch with other delegations. They include L. Dana Wilgress, Warwick F. Chipman and Jean Desy, Ambassadors to Russia, Chile and Brazil, respectively.

L. B. Pearson, Ambassador to the United States, really belongs in both categories. He serves as a policy-maker, and also, insofar as one is required, as a special contact man with the United States delegation. Pearson is an old hand at international conferences, certainly the most experienced of the Canadian delegation in the technique of getting one's way without too much fuss, which is all-important in these meetings.

Press correspondents got to know Pearson well in London years ago when he was a Senior Man at Canada House, and his reputation as an official who knows things and is not afraid to say all that can be said both on the record and for background information has grown steadily both at Washington and Ottawa.

Off-the-Record Talks

Following its accepted tactics of waiting for the opportune moment and not seeking the limelight, the Canadian delegation avoided offering interviews and conferences to the corps of newspaper and radio correspondents at San Francisco, but for the benefit of the Canadian correspondents a daily off-the-record meeting with Pearson was arranged. Though not restricted to Canadians this meeting was not advertised outside the Canadian circle, but each day it attracted a larger number of non-Canadians: British, Australian, Russian and French, as well as Americans. Pearson's reputation as a man who knew what was going on spread rapidly and the Canadian viewpoint became known.

This Conference is a highly valuable bit of experience for three men, any one of whom may sometime be called upon to head the Department of External Affairs, depending on the trend of elections. At some time in the not distant future it can be expected the Department will be headed by a full-time Minister and separated from the charge of the Prime Minister.

Should the Liberals remain in office, Mr. St. Laurent, the Minister of Justice, is a logical choice for the job and after his San Francisco experience will be ready for it. As the senior aide to Mr. King, and the man who will head the delegation if the Conference continues after Mr. King's departure for the election campaign, he is getting a taste of responsibility in the field of foreign affairs.

After Mr. Graydon's experience here, should the Progressive-Conservatives come into power it is almost certain Mr. Bracken would turn over the Department to the man who has led the Party in the House and been its chief spokesman on external affairs. If Mr. Coldwell became Prime Minister he would very likely seek to develop one of his followers for the post, but his own qualifications, at the outset, would so far out-weigh those of other C.C.F. ministerial candidates that he would likely for a time be his own foreign minister.

Mr. Graydon, of the three ranking party men on the delegation, is in the happiest position of all as far as the election is concerned. His home constituency of Peel is as safe as any in the country. The leadership of the Party is in other hands and its organization is in good condition, largely as a result of his own efforts and planning. The Party is reasonably well supplied with campaign orators and there is no need for him to undertake a speaking tour.

C.C.F. Needs Coldwell

Mr. Coldwell, however, is the outstanding figure in the C.C.F. whether from the point of view of campaign oratory or political strategy. He is the only national figure in the Party and the Party fortunes may well suffer for his absence even if only for the preliminary phases of the campaign.

Since it is around the personality and record of Mr. King that the Liberals will base an important part of their appeal for re-election his absence is also a serious thing for his party. The Prime Minister during the war years has got about the country very little. If he does not get around during the campaign his opponents may be able to make some use of the fact that he stays in Ottawa and, so it will be alleged, has lost touch with the sentiments and problems of the people.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Armistice Day Nineteen-Eighteen, How Many Still Remember It?

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

RECENTLY I asked a contemporary what he remembered about Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. "Nothing," he said, "I don't remember anything at all."

"But you must remember *something!*" I said, and after a little thought he said he remembered being wakened early in the morning by the bells and whistles. Then he brightened. "There was the talcum powder," he said, "people went into the drug-stores and bought those giant tins of talcum powder and threw it at each other. That's all I remember about Armistice Day."

"I found a very nice gold bracelet on Armistice Day," another friend said. "I remember it because it was the only valuable thing I ever found; and two minutes after I found it a woman turned up to claim it."

A third friend was more helpful. "I remember standing on the street crying," she said, "and I remember a car coming along filled with young negro boys with an amputation case from the hospital sitting on the shoulders and all of them singing . . . Everybody went and bought those huge containers of talcum powder and began throwing talcum over everything . . ."

THERE had been a false armistice on November 7, but I don't remember that. My first memory of Armistice Day, 1918, was a bonfire burning briskly in the middle of the car-tracks at the end of the street. It was just dawn and the bells were ringing, and I knew then that Armistice Day had really come because nothing less than the end of a world war would stop the street-cars running on College Street.

When I reached the corner six street-cars came along, led by a cornetist. Then they stopped and everyone tumbled off including the motor-men and conductors and joined the people on the street. After that everybody walked.

In retrospect, Armistice Day has a good deal the shifting quality of a dream, with a dream's curious silence. I was downtown, though I don't know how I got there; and then I was high up in an office building with all the windows wide open and the chill November air blowing through; and after that in a public park, watching people throwing Victory talcum at the public monuments where, symbolically perhaps, it refused to stick. It is like a dream, and it is also like a very old silent newsreel, filled with crowds of nameless people and roaring faces that don't make a sound. The noise that went on without ceasing all day—the whistles and bells, the screaming laughing voices, the roaring motor-cars, the motor-cycles that ran without mufflers, flames shooting from their exhausts, all the tumult and everything it signified has been muffled over, even in memory.

WHAT did the people talk about on Armistice Day, 1918? They talked mostly I think about what was to be done with Kaiser Wilhelm. But never about what was to be done with Germany. The problem of Germany had ended with the Armistice, and Lloyd George and Clemenceau would attend to any unfinished business. Time has almost obliterated Kaiser Wilhelm, but he meant something to the people of 1918; and, if there was any bloodlust in the great roaring happy giant of a crowd it was for the late elderly gentleman of Doorn. There were burning effigies of Kaiser Wilhelm on the bonfires, and when a car came down the street with a miniature gallows rigged over its hood and a miniature Kaiser swinging from the gallows it was greeted with roars of approval, and soon other car owners rushed home to decorate their cars with improvised scenes of execution to parade before the crowd.

But it was a good crowd, innocent and high-hearted. It believed that what we were celebrating was the first birthday of the millennium, nothing less. Only after a while the crowd grew restless. It had been parading for hours, six and eight across the sidewalk, shouting and singing, and now it wanted to throw things. The confetti and streamers and torn-up newspapers had long been exhausted when some one ranging the shelves of a drug store discovered a giant-sized carton of talcum powder. That was the beginning of the great talcum powder celebration, which for many people remains the one surviving memory of Armistice Day, 1918. The talcum powder battle raged for hours. We went up and down the street shrouded in white like ghosts and the air was heavy and choking with artificial violet and jasmine. The crowd moved through the blizzard with hat-rims turned down and coat-collars turned up. Then someone would cry, "Oh, look at the aeroplane!" and because no one in 1918 could afford to miss the sight of an aeroplane everyone would stare upward and the merry-makers would rush in with their canister tops wide open. The only way to escape the talcum was to leave the party and go home. But no one wanted to leave the party, nobody could bear the thought of going home.

BECAUSE it seemed so very far away and long ago, I went back the other day to the newspaper files of 1918, just to make sure that Armistice Day really existed.

"The crowd showed a wonderful spirit," the report said, and added in the stately journalese of the period, "things that would ordinarily have been regarded as insults passed merely as jests." . . . "Confetti sold at ten cents a package and when the supply of confetti ran out large cans of talcum powder were purchased and sprinkled liberally among the crowd." . . . "The Victory Loan Committee set up its booth at a traffic intersection and did a fine business." . . . . "There were sixty-five fire-calls during the day but the police force had little demand on its services. There was a notable absence of pickpockets" . . . "The telephone was kept busy most of the day. A number of people called to ask the terms of the Armistice. A great many inquired what was to be done with the German Kaiser." . . . "A fine-looking collie-dog joined the parade on King Street, wearing the Flag of Japan." . . . "One of the department stores purchased fifteen noise-makers at a cost of $2,000. Many noise-makers broke down during the day." . . . "During the afternoon a number of men dressed up as women and played antics through the crowd." (The last item brought back suddenly after all these years, the vividest possible memory of a red-faced man in a beaded tunic and a cloche hat, the fiercest talcum commando of them all.

There will never be another Armistice Day like November 11, 1918. We had just been through four incredible years of war, but we were still young and innocent in heart. The fighting was over, our side had won, and Armistice Day was the public token that the shaken world was secure once more. We went home at last and brushed the talcum out of our clothes and hair and went to bed, exhausted but still rejoicing. It never occurred to us that what we had just celebrated was the end of World War I.

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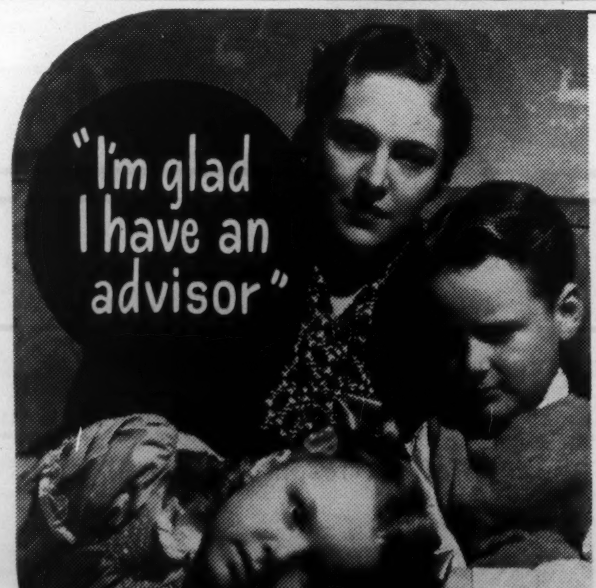

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Defeated Germans Are Politically Aimless

By JAMES WELLARD

What are the political hopes of the Germans for the future? Is there well-organized anti-Nazi organization in the country similar to those which existed in all the occupied countries of Europe?

Mr. Wellard made a survey in a wide area of occupied Germany to try and get in touch with German political feeling. His findings are most revealing and indicate that once Nazism disappears the people at large are politically lost.

Germany.

FOR almost six years we have heard little of the anti-Fascist organizations, of underground movements, of Socialist Parties, of Communist cells, or of democratic tendencies in Germany. Yet we have found strong evidence of such political consciousness in every other country in Europe.

What are Germans thinking politically? What do they intend or hope to do in the future? To find out as well as I could I recently visited a score of towns large and small in occupied Germany.

I had in mind my experiences in Italy. Here, once Fascism had collapsed with Italy's surrender, a dozen anti-Fascist parties came out of hiding and started immediately a vigorous and sometimes even violent political life.

No such thing, so far as I could see, is happening in Germany.

Right at the beginning an incident occurred which gave one reason for this inhuman German apathy.

At Krefeld during what the Allied military authorities call a "screening" procedure, whereby all civilians are examined with their papers, a 22-year-old German youth presented a long official document to his American interrogators.

This document stated that the youth had dangerous radical tendencies. Moreover, he was a leader type and was infecting other members of his community. A council of German physicians had therefore decided that he should be sterilized, so that he could not perpetuate his kind.

What the German physicians have done with the knife the Nazi politicians have done with the written and spoken word.

The result is a politically sterile people. There is neither hope nor hate, despair nor expectation in their faces.

I went to the Allied officers whose job it is to discover what the Germans are thinking. They told me that in occupied Germany Nazism is apparently dead.

All that these conquered Germans can see and understand are the ruins of their towns, with the broken, jagged walls, and the incredibly ridiculous party slogans all over them like "We serve our Fuehrer", and "Today a battle, tomorrow the victory," and "Long live our Fuehrer."

The stupendousness of their defeat, moral as well as physical, has perhaps numbed them only temporarily and they may regain consciousness either to admire again or to hate for ever Hitler and his gosel.

But at present a sheeplike indifference is plain on their faces and plain in their actions.

No Leaders

In one town the Volkssturm were ordered by military proclamation to report at the town hall and register with the Allied authorities.

Next morning there was a long, orderly queue of them, 500 strong, quite willing to be obedient to their conquerors, or to anyone who would tell them what to do.

But they have no self-appointed leaders. There are not even the beginnings of new political parties or tendencies.

Occasionally a man comes into the Allied military offices and says he is a Communist or a Social Democrat. But all he does is to state the fact and go away. He does not seem to want to meet others of his avowed political creed, or to have a meeting, or to do anything about it at all.

In Germany we shall probably not find one genuine anti-Hitler leader alive from Aix to Berlin.

Yet there were vague and shadowy underground movements in Germany which were written about. Rebellious organizations existed, small in numbers, weak and politically unimportant.

Some of them were only anti-Hitler gangs who had grudges against party members. Their activities were confined to small town gangsterism—beating up personal enemies in alleys on moonless nights.

I found real evidence of three such underground organizations which can be written about as soon as security permits. But while these groups are anti-Hitler in a vague, personal way, they are in no sense pro-democratic and are worthless from the viewpoint of Germany's political future.

What about Germany's political future?

Right now there just isn't any. In its place they have only fear; fear of Allied military occupation. This they accept as an inescapable fact.

They do not expect, or apparently desire, to do anything about it, as the Italians started immediately to do about the Allied occupation of Italy.

They wonder with what degree of harshness we shall administer them. If they knew that for certain I think they would cease to think about the future at all and simply live from day to day and do as they are told.

I believe the German people as a whole will cease all attempts to resist militarily, politically and even morally, once we have cleared out the Wehrmacht.

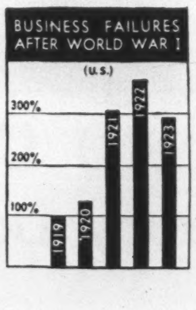
Our problem in Germany after the war will not be Nazism.

It will be to teach these politically dead people how to think freely and rationally without fear of being murdered or mutilated.

War may end soon, but much essential work in treating wounded will go on.

Easy Sailing Now... *but there may be* Rough Going Ahead

LOOK at the accompanying chart . . . which shows how failures multiplied after World War I. In three years . . . from the 1919 level . . . the number of Canadian commercial and industrial failures jumped 389% in three years; current liabilities involved jumped 380%. Over the same period, failures and liabilities in the United States rose 267% and 450% respectively.



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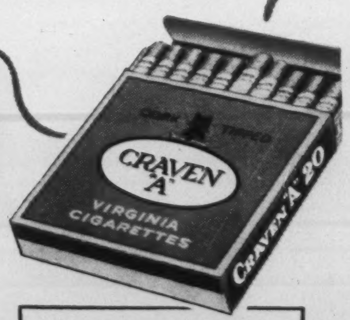

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WORLD AT SAN FRANCISCO

Russian Tactics and Intentions Great Puzzle of Conference

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

San Francisco.

ONE might as well admit right at the beginning that it would take a Gibbon or a Churchill to deal adequately with the happenings of this week. In Europe the agony which has half-consumed a rich civilization, the struggle which has demanded all our attention and energy and many of our fine sons, is ending.

At the time of writing, Hitler, the malign and twisted figure who bestialized his own nation, and enslaved and ruined a continent, has been said to be seeking death in the smoking inferno of Berlin. Krupp, Papen and Dittmar have given themselves up. Himmler has made a bid to surrender, though cloaked as a final attempt to split the Allies. The Nazi colosseum in Nuremburg, the notorious beer hall in Munich, have been captured. Revolt at last is widespread in Germany while the armies in Italy collapse. And anti-climax has been provided by the execution of the deflated Caesar who had tried to hold onto the devil's coat tails.

The valiant British, Russian and American soldiers who began the long march at Alamein, Oran and Stalingrad have joined hands at last in mid-Germany. The Luftwaffe, which began the slaughter of the innocents in 1939, has been blasted to extinction. The robots which opened a new phase in warfare, which gave a new and terrifying vista of how civilization could be finally destroyed, have been checked. But perhaps most significant and impressive of all has been the revelation of the full horror of the concentration camps; to eternally debase the German name and to stir mankind to a new supreme effort to secure the dignity and freedom of the individual.

Main Impetus

It is the revelation of the concentration camps and the menace of robot weapons which provide the main impetus to the Conference begun here in San Francisco to organize the world for peace. It has often been remarked that no parliament looks good from the gallery. Listening to endless talk and hearing vainglorious disputes over place and prestige one is moved to wonder can these "little men" really save civilization? Then one is sharply reminded that the alternative is a little man with a moustache standing on a rostrum and telling the rest what to do.

Not that this meeting which began on a low, rather uninspiring note, has lacked its moments of grandeur. Last Saturday I was deeply stirred by two Asiatics, representing half-free nations, expressing in beautiful English the highest ideals and deepest yearnings of decent peoples everywhere. The Indian delegate, Sir A. R. Mudaliar, and the Philippine leader, General Carlos Romulo, received the heaviest applause of the Conference to date.

Neither the general determination to succeed nor inspirational appeals have, however, averted the disputes which usually attend international conferences. One of these finally broke out in public last Monday in the plenary session over the admission of Argentina. While it was undoubtedly a lively and interesting show it was in general deplored. One might say it was a good fight for a dubious cause.

The leading participants with whom I spoke afterwards, including Eden, a member of the Executive Committee, an American consultant, and a delegate who had supported Russia were divided on whether it would have a serious effect or not.

The chief question that correspondents and delegates were asking themselves was why Molotov insisted in bringing the dispute out into public when he knew from the vote of the fourteen man Executive Committee and the forty-six man Steering Committee that it was sure to be defeated.

Opportunist

Already at his press conference, before the battle on the Conference floor, my impression had been that he knew he had here a moral issue on which he would receive strong support from the American press and public.

He also was obviously using the occasion to further urge the right of the Polish people to be represented, without reference to the necessity of fulfilling the Yalta agreement on the establishment of the new Polish Government. This impression was confirmed by the revelation that Molotov had opposed postponement of the issue in the morning committee meeting, whereas he told the press that was all he was asking for. This information I had from a Commonwealth delegate who himself proposed postponement, and then only reluctantly voted for the admission.

It seems therefore that the best explanation of Molotov's tactics, which have had the Conference guessing from the start, is that he desired to place the Soviet opposition to "fascist" Argentina clearly on record before his supporters the world over.

Why then did the majority insist on seating Argentina, whose stock has not been very high in the past couple of years? The explanation I have from an authoritative Canadian source is that they wish to have this most powerful South American nation included to strengthen their joint position and bring in a third Latin American Middle Power (the others being Mexico and Brazil) and possibly gain a third seat on the Executive Council.

That is, it is pure manoeuvring for position of a kind common in such organizations. The Latin Americans claimed that Argentina had fulfilled the juridical requirement of declaring war against the Axis, as asked by the Mexico City Conference, and that good faith required they support her membership. It seems that after seating the Ukrainian and White Russian Republics, without questioning their autonomy or political liberty, they reject Russia's denunciation of the present Argentine regime.

The Latins expected that their unanimous vote for additional Soviet seats would be reciprocated by Russia's acquiescence in seating Argentina. But Molotov sought in return for acceptance of Argentina a new compromise on seating the Lublin Poles. This he made unmistakable by closely coupling the two questions in committee discussion, in his press conference and in the public session. It was to avoid this bad appearance of "horse trading" that the British Commonwealth delegate had moved in Executive Committee to postpone the Argentine question several days.

Returning to the Russian attitude, we unveil one of the main tensions of this Conference. The Soviets feel that the Latin American countries already have far too large a voting power for their contribution to victory. The twenty republics have put exactly one division in the field, the Brazilian division in Italy. And the Russians seem entitled to look askance at this large bloc of votes, which is united under American leadership through the act of Chapultepec.

From their point of view, the con-

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cession of votes for the two largest Soviet republics is a very small one. Why should they not think it only fair that they have votes for all sixteen constituent Soviet republics, as well as eight puppet or buffer states from Finland to Albania? (It was notable that when a call came to stand up and be counted the small Soviet neighbors after looking towards Molotov stood and sat in unison.)

But would not such a development turn the new league into a farce? Proceedings during this Assembly dispute seemed to me to disclose a fault in the specifications for admission to the ranks of the United Nations. Should a basic qualification have been made of a declaration of war against the Axis, and if so should this not have been postdated to avert such a farce as the last minute riskless entry into war of so many states represented here? Would not a better basis have been actual contribution to the defeat of the Axis?

No Perfect Formula

This would not, however, have brought the majority of the nations of the world to San Francisco for, as Australian Foreign Minister Evatt remarked the other day, the world was saved at most by nine or ten countries. Or if, again, we adhered strictly to the qualification that a nation must be fully sovereign neither India nor the Philippines, two peoples who have suffered greatly in war, and one of which has the greatest army in the field next to the Big Four, would not be here—as Molotov reminded the Assembly.

It is clear there is no formula which covers the position. If we want most of the nations of the world in this organization, if we want to do justice to such contributors as India, and if we want to bring Russia along with us, the requirements of war contribution and the democratic make-up of sovereignty have to be flexible, and great tolerance is needed from all sides.

Whether Monday's open dispute over Argentina will be patched up, as the earlier and unfortunate one over the joint chairmanship was, remains to be seen. The latter affair may also need some explanation. As it turned out it seemed ridiculous to make an issue of what now seems merely a demand for Soviet prestige: namely, that full Soviet equality in leadership of the Conference was confirmed by the rotating Chairmanship, and, as Molotov said, the Russian language should be heard from the rostrum (one excited Latin American speaker in Monday's debate made considerable counterplay about the Spanish language being heard from the rostrum, too).

Fight Great Power Control

But dispute over the Chairmanship, as so many other discussions in this Conference, arose out of enigmatic Soviet intentions. The Soviets had earlier suggested that there be joint Four Power chairmanship of all commissions and committees as well, and the American delegation had convinced itself that this was an attempt to bring the entire Conference deliberations under rigid Great Power control. That was the reason they fought the joint chairmanship proposal.

Basically, I think, the trouble with the Russians is that they feel they face a potential majority against them on almost any issue in this organization. They have not forgotten that the only time the League of Nations ever expelled a member was when a unanimous vote was taken against Russia in 1939. They have covered themselves against this contingency by the demand for veto in Council, another subject which is bound to produce heated discussions in the coming sessions. But their position in the Assembly remains uncomfortable, and may be more so if more power is granted that body as demanded by numerous spokesmen of the small nations.

These are some of the rocks along the path of the United Nations co-operation. Another is the Polish problem, with which Molotov amuses himself in press conferences. He persists in keeping this before committees and in the press on the basis that the Polish people have by their sacrifices earned seating. But Eden and Stettinius have so far stood firmly on the strong ground provided them by the Yalta agreement, and early committee discussions revealed an amount of support from others which surprised them.

Few here go so far as to suggest that the Russians will ultimately use the Polish question as a pretext to withdraw from the Conference. But then nobody knows what their real intentions are, and how much they want the Conference to succeed. If they wish this, it is asked, why did they not carry out the Yalta agreement on Poland and the other Eastern European countries (Austria is the latest in which they have acted unilaterally to set up a new government) and send the Conference off to a fine start. Instead, it is recalled that they announced a few days before that Molotov would not even come.

From the foregoing the reader may gain the impression, and it is a correct one, that Russian tactics and intentions are the great enigma of the Conference. They are discussed endlessly in private conversations and newspaper commentaries. But in public no one has yet made the slightest imputation concerning the real sovereignty of the newly-admitted Soviet republics or the real democracy of Soviet society. On the contrary on all possible occasions the delegates, public and newspapermen encourage Molotov with warm applause, as though saying "we want very much to be better friends."

A happy scene that will soon be common both in Canada and the United States, as the soldiers return from Europe. These United States Marines aren't one bit unhappy to see the shores of America again.

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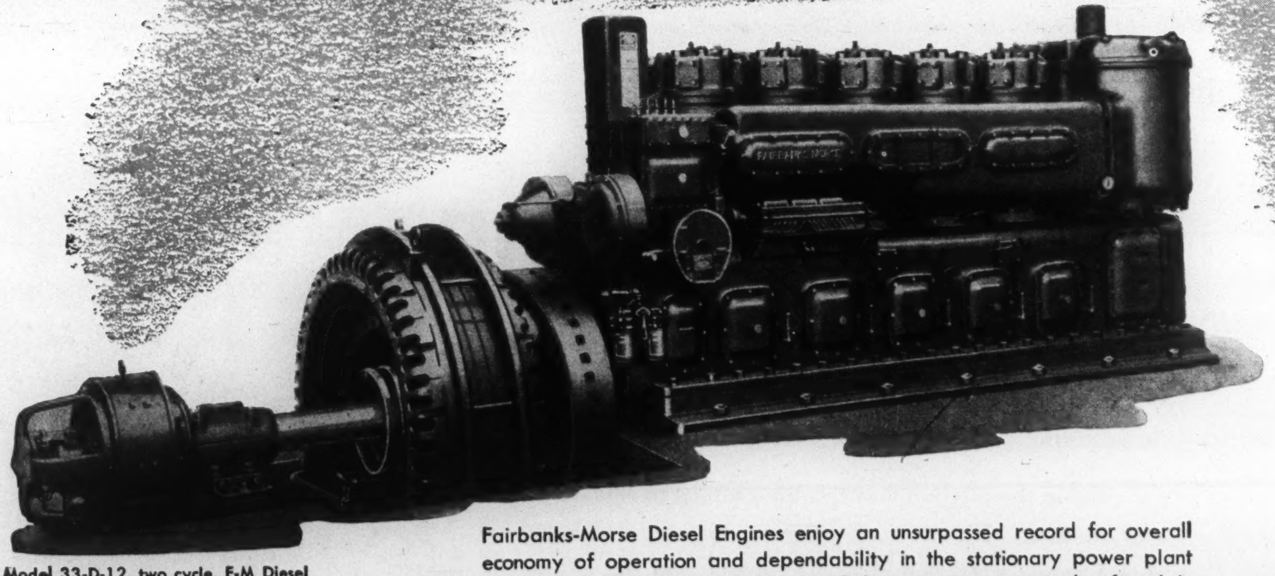

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CABLED FROM RUSSIA

Soviet Budget Heralds Peace With Increased Expenditures

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Moscow.

IT IS only when one listens, as I listened a few nights ago, to the presentation of the Soviet budget to the members of the Supreme Soviet, assembled from all parts of this land in their white marble hall in the ancient Kremlin, that one realizes what the direction of "socialist" economy means, and how much that direction resembles that of the big business organizations we have come to know at home. With the Red Armies in Berlin and the war coming to an end, great problems of peace are arising. And yet the Supreme Soviet calmly deliberated over the budget.

The Soviet budget is unlike the Canadian in that it normally discusses not only government expenditures and taxation but also the basic operation of state-owned industries and business efficiency, prices, wages, savings and above all accountancy. In a few words, the Supreme Soviet when discussing the budget resembles a meeting of the board of directors of a huge corporation.

I shall not bore readers with figures of the budget beyond reporting that it is set for 1945 at 305,300,000,000 rubles. In comparison with 1944, income will increase by 37,300,000,000 rubles while expenditures will grow by 42,300,000,000 rubles. In 1945, 45.1 per cent of all expenditures will be for the war.

The first item of Soviet state income in the budget, said Soviet Commissar of Finances A. G. Zverev is "income from state-owned enterprises and organizations." This income, Zverev said, will give the government half its required funds for the year. He went into details on the measures necessary to increase income and profits in state-owned enterprises. "Fulfilment of the plan of accumulation," he said, "demands further perfection of production technique and production organization, wide publicizing of the experience of the best enterprises, economy in the utilization of materials, fuels, electric power and wage funds, and reduction of waste, spoilage and other non-productive expenditures."

Reduction of costs was the keystone of this section of the address. The Commissar revealed that production costs during three and a half years of war amounted to fifty billion rubles. He gave some interesting examples. In one plant when new conveyors were introduced per-item labor consumption dropped radically. In 1944 the labor efficiency of this plant rose by thirty-one per cent in comparison with 1943. As a result production costs dropped by ten and a half per cent and the plant made twenty-one million rubles profit instead of an envisaged twelve million.

"Window-Dressing" Censured

Not all cases were as good. One plant director, who was mentioned by name, lost four per cent by spoilage in 1943 and nine per cent in 1944. In another plant spoilage losses were twelve and a half per cent in 1943 and in 1944 seventeen per cent. And the year ended with a deficit of seven million rubles in one plant where a profit of three and a half million had been anticipated.

The budget address dealt with accountancy in a way which would make our hard-working accountants beam with pleasure. Zverev censured organization after organization which, deliberately or otherwise, permitted faulty accountancy to add a rosy tinge to their reports and hide losess. The Kuibeshev machine tool works, he said, during the first nine months of 1944 showed a 5.8 per cent costs reduction, but after inventory had been taken it was discovered that actually there had been no reduction at all. The reports were pure window dressing.

In the section devoted to state loans Zverev paid special attention to savings banks and their deposits. In 1945 he looked to an increase of 1,400,000,000 rubles in savings bank deposits as compared with an increase of 856,000,000 rubles in 1944. (People can save money in Russia.)

Typically "corporation"-like was the next portion of his speech, dealing with capital construction and investment of state funds for the purpose of building new, and rebuilding old, industrial enterprises. The total sum allotted to capital investment is 41,100,000,000 rubles as compared to 29,000,000,000 last year. Of this almost half is earmarked for the construction of heavy industries. How this can be done most economically is the question posed by Zverev. He appeals to long-term investment banks (!) to watch over the funds they lend and demand their proper utilization.

Another point to which he devoted great attention was capital turnover. He condemned the practice of plants retaining excessive quantities of short-supply materials in their stockpiles. And he didn't by-pass the question of debtor-creditor relationships and the general financial practices of industry. He reported that there are plants that don't pay their bills on time, don't bother collecting debts and that don't send out bills to their debtors soon enough. He demanded an end to all such practices.

The last section of Zverev's address dealt with expenditures for education and health, social insurance and social security, state aid to mothers with large families, and to "single" mothers. Interesting in all cases is the large growth in budgetary expenditures this year as compared to last. Thus 26,500,000,000 rubles are assigned to education this year as against 20,500,000,000 last year. A third more is being spent on health and social insurance. Aid to mothers is increased from 872,000,000 rubles to 1,407,000,000, an increase of sixty-one per cent.

Administrative Costs

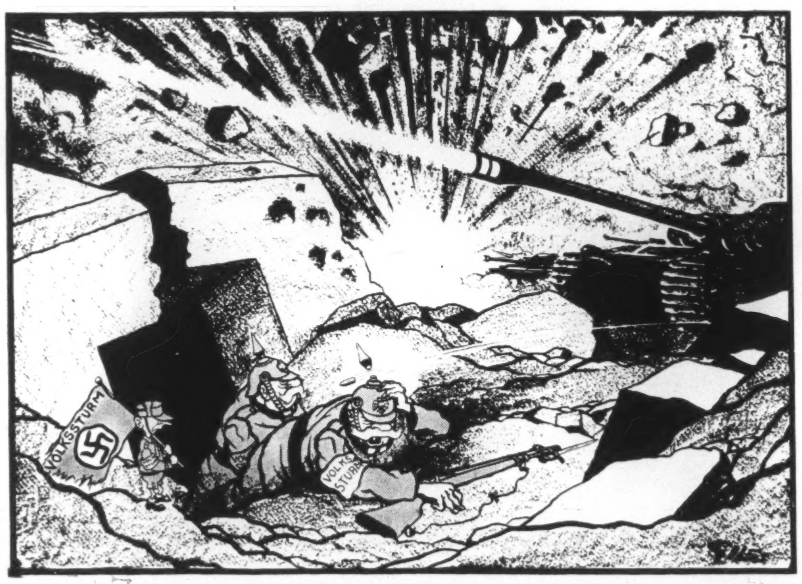
One can see reflected in these figures the approach of peace and complete liberation of the country from the Germans. Thus nearly three million more children will attend school this year than in 1944.

You may say, all this is very well but what about administrative expenditures? These come at the very end. 9,500,000,000 rubles are assigned to this item as compared to 7,300,000,000 last year. Of the total amount 6,400,000,000 rubles will be spent by the sixteen republics forming the U.S.S.R. and 3,100,000,000 by the central government.

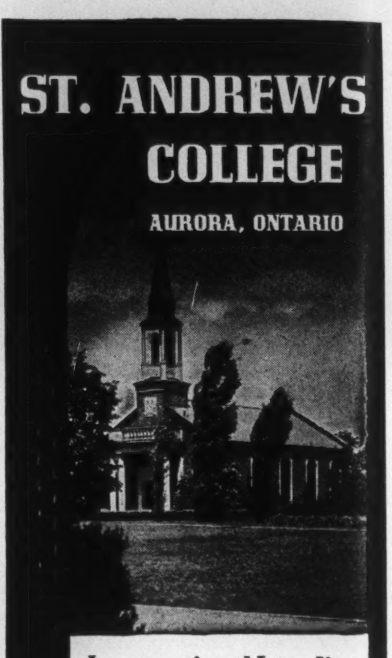
In giving these figures Zverev called for a further reduction in the number of government employees (as distinct from state employees, which would include all working in state-owned industries etc.) and he didn't forget to state that investigations revealed a whole series of absolutely unacceptable facts regarding dishonesty with government funds. Especially, many cases of breach of financial discipline were discovered in organizations and commissariats where internal accountancy control was poor.

Two things appear from Zverev's report and the discussion of it: first, that the government this year intends to devote constantly growing attention to the production of consumer goods, and secondly that increasing attention will be given to the struggle against all manifestations of dishonesty, inefficiency and non-businesslike approach to socialist "business."

This war is nearly over. Russia now has time for other things than fighting.



"We are very fortunate, Herr Schmidt—the poor British Home Guard never had a chance to have a crack at the enemy."



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With profound thankfulness that victory in Europe is all but accomplished and that the remaining task is to consolidate that victory... with a deep feeling of gratefulness that our own fair land has escaped the pillage, plunder and devastation that war has exacted from so many others... in joyful anticipation that thousands of our fighting men may soon return... Canadians continue to put forth unbending effort and to lend to the limit of their material resources... conscious that the *most* each of us can do is the *least* he can do.

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8

BUY MORE VICTORY BONDS

What Can Be Done For Mental Casualties?

By HELEN H. STACEY

What hope of cure and what treatment can be given for the mental casualties, who, it is estimated, form thirty per cent of all disabled in the war?

Mrs. Stacey, in this article, outlines the types of mental disease and the various methods of treatment in common practice. One little known fact which she cites is that in a typical mental hospital the discharge rate averages seventy per cent over the year.

A SMALL item in Edmonton newspapers filled many Albertans with deeper concern than all the glaring headlines of war. It read: "Costing approximately $400,000., a psychiatric unit of 100-bed capacity or more is planned for the University hospital by the Department of Veterans' Affairs. . ." A small item—suggestive of great suffering.

I heard one mother exclaim as she dropped her paper, "Dear God, I'd rather my boy were killed!"

I find that many servicemen's families respond in the same shocked manner: —"To return to that?"—"Insane?"—"To be put away?"—"To end in an asylum?"—People are schooled to expect injury and even death for their loved ones, but are unprepared to face this type of casualty. Yet, it is estimated that thirty per cent of all war casualties will be *mental.*

Already families of servicemen are asking these questions: "What care and treatment will our boys and girls receive?" "What chances will they have of regaining mental health?" "What percentage of recoveries may we expect?" "And how are we, their families, going to help them regain self-confidence when they come home?"

There is very little public knowledge of the possibilities of treatment of mental disease and a general tendency to exaggerate its implications, serious as they are. With this in mind it seems that a brief outline of the types of disease and treatment would have value.

First of all I would note that the proportion of mental cases that are cured or partially cured is much higher than popularly thought. For instance, at the provincial hospital at Pokona Alberta, which may be looked on as representative of all government-controlled mental hospitals in Canada (and on which I shall base what I say regarding present practice) the annual number of cases admitted averages five hundred, the annual number discharged three hundred and fifty—an average of seventy per cent.

At Pokona when patients are admitted they are given thorough physical and mental examinations, and extensive laboratory tests. Mental examination is made by a psychiatrist through interviews with the patient, and the plan of treatment is carried out by all members of the staff, under the direction of the physician. If through these confidential talks the underlying cause of the patient's trouble is discovered, a basis is formed on which to work for recovery. The laboratory tests usually include an examination of the blood and spinal fluid, and an analysis of the urine.

Causes of Mental Illness

The causes of mental illness are many, and, contrary to general belief, hereditary weakness is only one of them. Among those listed are religious fanaticism; an inherited weakness; unhappy married life; brain tumor; venereal disease; an excess use of alcohol or drugs; mental distress or depression; and brain injury.

Mental disorders have been divided into three groups: organic; toxic; and psychogenic. The organic disorders may be caused by syphilis of the brain, brain tumor and arterio-sclerosis; the toxic by alcohol, drugs and infections. But the third and largest group, the psychogenic have no discoverable organic or toxic basis. They are functional and seem to be founded on the individual's unstable personality. In all groups while some cases are permanently affected, others are restored to mental health.

The treatment given varies to suit the disorder. "Padded cells" and "straight jackets" are obsolete for even the most violent cases. The treatment now is Hydrotherapy: hot baths, sitz-baths, and wet packs. Some cases are immersed in warm baths for prolonged periods, others are wrapped in wet packs and put to bed, where they relax and drop into restful sleep. While this treatment soothes the agitated, it also stimulates the mentally depressed, so is given to both types with satisfactory results.

Another and more modern treatment given for mental disorders is known as Electro-shock therapy. Two mental plates are placed at the patient's head one against each temple, and connected by a wire through which runs the required voltage of electric current. The resultant shock causes a slight convulsion. The patient however is unaware of the physical effect and lapses into a deep sleep. Some patients respond at once to this treatment, others more slowly, but practically all improve in time. Electro-shock is of great benefit to people who have succumbed to the stress of wartime living.

Drugs Seldom Used

Chemotherapy, the use of drugs, is seldom resorted to in hospital, though at the "Front" cases of "battle fatigue" are given sodium amytal, a drug which induces sleep. Sometimes patients are kept under its influences for two or three days and allowed to sleep off their exhaustion: a measure to prevent a breakdown.

There also are Psychotherapy, in which the psychiatrist through interviews, suggestions and advice, seeks the root of the patient's problem, and Occupational therapy which is paramount in importance and given to the largest number of patients. In the last occupational departments are provided where under skilled supervision, patients are given instruction in various crafts. Men are taught printing, tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, gardening and farming; while women are taught dressmaking, plain sewing, knitting, embroidering, rug-making, weaving basketry, and the different branches of domestic work. Many previously untrained men and women have found profitable positions after their discharge from hospital through having learned these trades as patients. The value of occupational therapy lies in its curative power: the patient, instead of sitting brooding over the past, or dreading the future, learns to concentrate on the task at hand, and gains self-confidence in being able to do a task well.

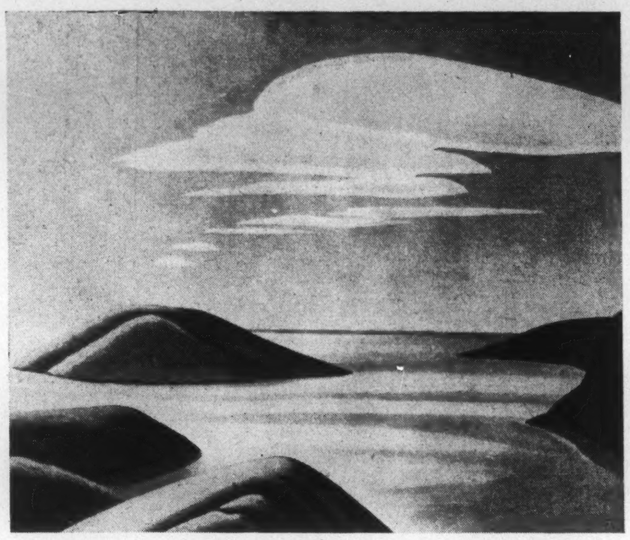
Recreational activities form an important part of occupational therapy because they develop the social side of the personality. These activities are skating, curling, bowling, dancing, reading, and games of cards, shuffle-board, ping-pong and badminton, as well as musical programs and picture shows. On Sunday there is church service, and every day there is a walk on the grounds.

In connection with Occupational therapy there are three outstanding occasions: the annual picnic, the annual bazaar, and Christmas. At the picnic patients compete for prizes in games and races, and enjoy hot-dogs, pop and ice cream. At the bazaar they have the pleasure of helping to arrange their handiwork for sale. Beautiful hand-carved woodwork and exquisite embroidery are sold for the cost of the materials, and the proceeds are used to buy more materials in order to continue the treatment. But the "Red-letter" day is Christmas. The patients help to trim the trees and decorate the wards, while the doctors and nurses entering wholeheartedly into the spirit of Christmas, make the day as happy and home-like as possible for their charges.

These occasions are not merely three "big days" in the lives of the patients, they are occasions enjoyed through weeks of anticipation and retrospection. They keep the patients' minds occupied with useful plans and pleasant memories and make them feel useful, sociable and normal; which is the object of Occupational therapy.

When our mental casualties are brought home to Canada and sent to hospitals and psychiatric units for treatment they will receive every kindness and consideration as well as every aid known to medical science to hasten their recovery. But after they are discharged they will need understanding and sympathetic care to make recovery permanent and enjoy a complete restoration to mental health.

"PICTURES FOR LASTING PLEASURE"



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. . . . . .

Funny how things kept going through his mind that day when the shells were screaming down . . . Mom in the kitchen with her hands covered with flour, Spot chasing rabbits in the meadow, and Sue . . . that night . . . in the moonlight.

. . . . . .

Of course he'd never admit it, but right from the start a quiet voice kept calling him—"There's a job for you to do; you can't shirk it." So he's out there doing his bit for his country, his home and his loved ones.

. . . . . .

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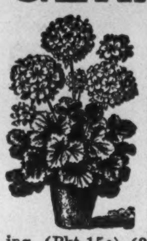

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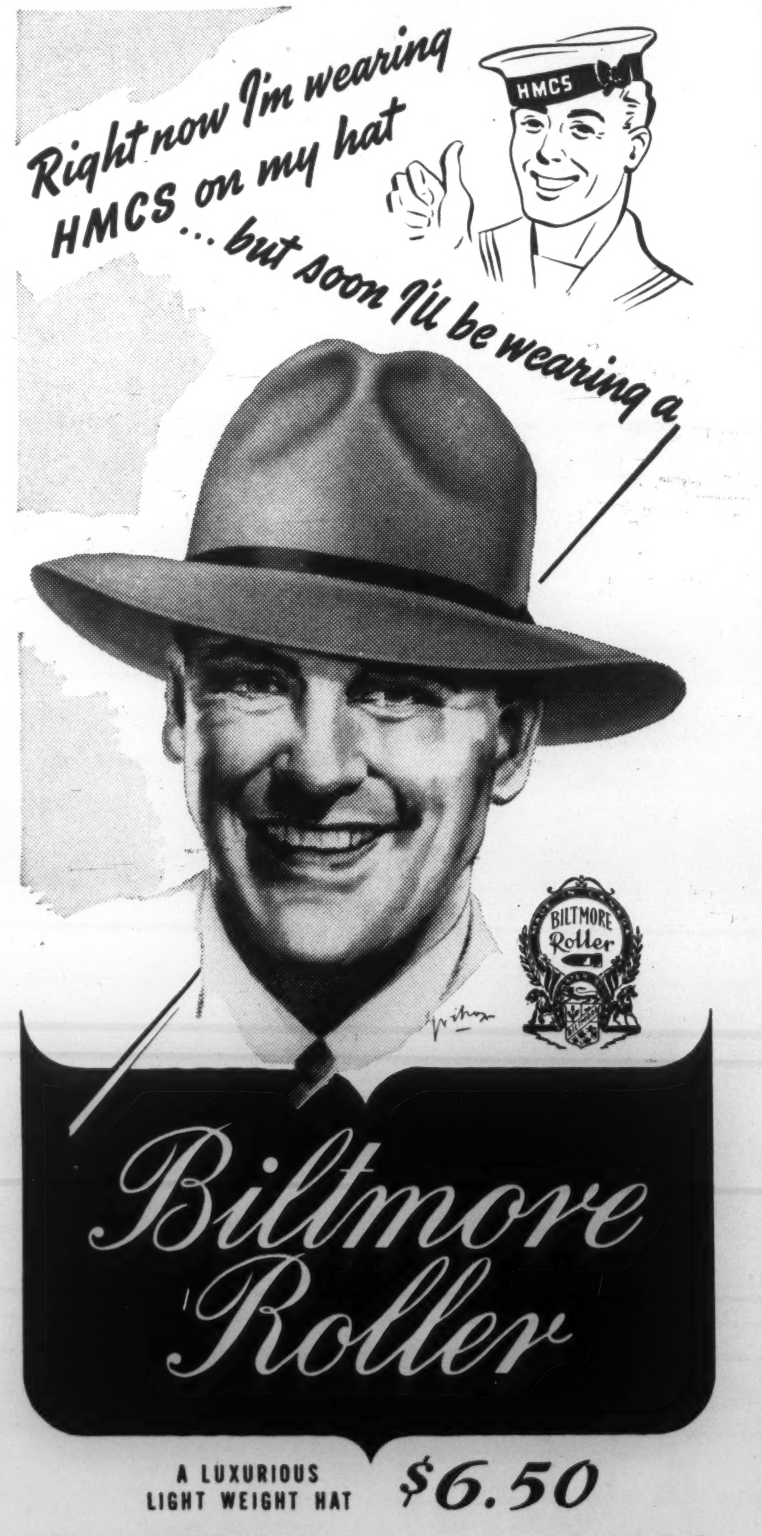

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Notwithstanding, however, the rigid caste system, I think the middle-classes in Vienna — shop assistants, clerks and the like—were happy in those days. Real music lovers, they could, at small cost, go to one of the best opera houses in Europe and listen to the best light music elsewhere.

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I stayed at the Bristol on my first arrival. It was full of the most unpleasant type of war profiteer from apparently all over Europe.

On a second visit my wife and I went to a small and unpretentious hotel recommended by a friend. It was like a scene from the play "Reunion in Vienna." Old and frail members of the Austrian aristocracy, in threadbare clothes, formed most of the clientele. The staff, the majority of whom had evidently been formerly in private service, were elderly and the service was not good. But everyone, guests and staff alike, had the most charming manners and I felt that I was back in old Vienna.

Poverty

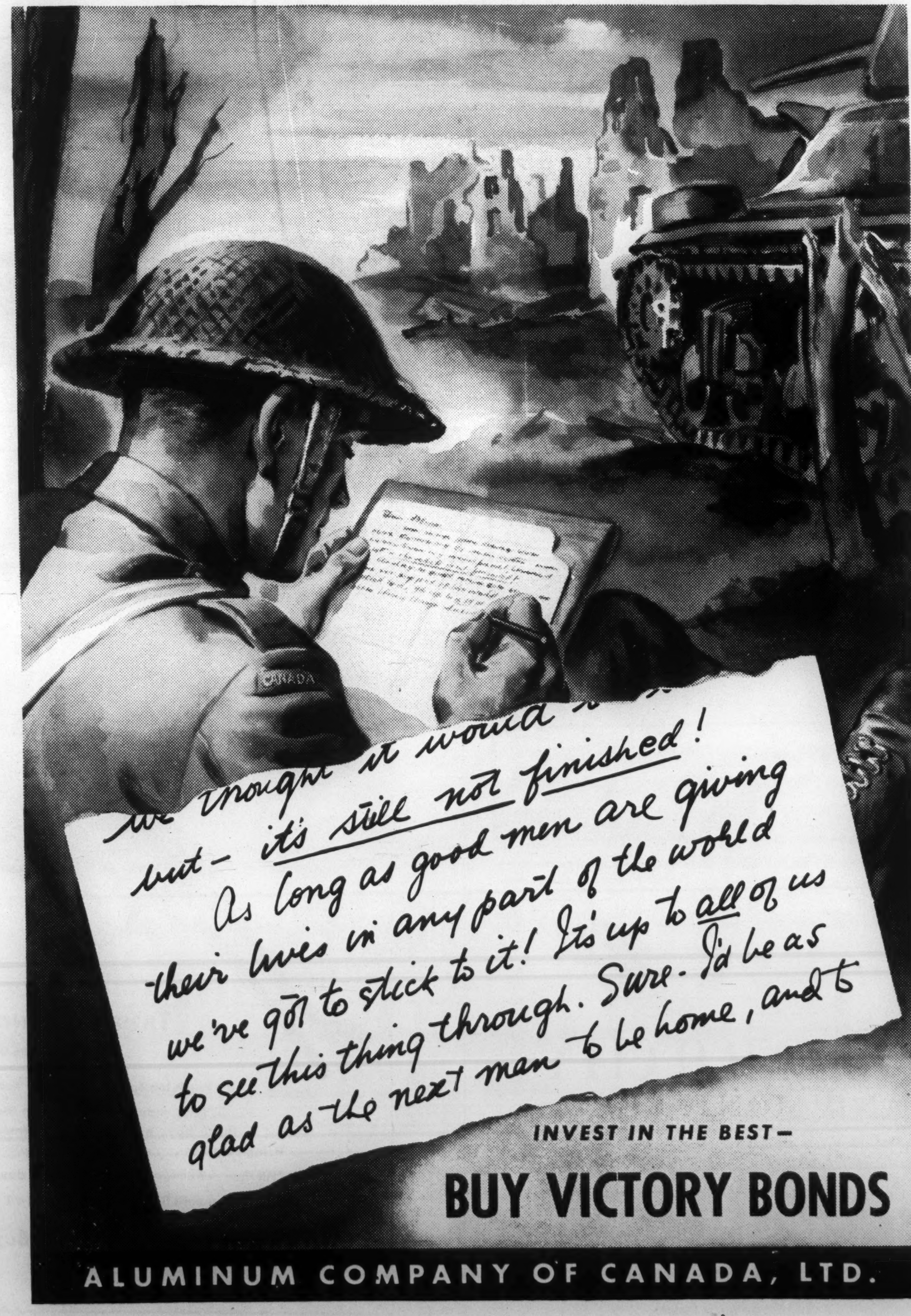
In the streets by day, men of the clerical class, out of work, often without shirts, in faded black morning coats, stood every two or three yards, offering to act as guides, selling matches or crude picture postcards, or frankly begging. At night, literally in a continuous row, were women not apparently belonging normally to that class who importuned everyone, even those walking as I was, with wives or daughters.

I have heard it suggested that the charm and instability of the Viennese character is due to the confluence of race and climate, which are the feature of the place.

The average man of the English-speaking world, with his moral and matter-of-fact outlook, does not think that the Viennese and, indeed, Austrian characteristics of artistic perception, intellectual sensibility, charming manners and striking good looks atone for lack of fibre and other moral qualities.

Whether that be so or not, is no reason for treating Austria as was done in the last Peace Treaty, since it meant the destruction of her economic life and the actual starvation of many of her inhabitants. From this source many evils have flown. They can be redressed in the new Peace Treaty.

"Said he came from Brooklyn, Sarge, but the silly guy forgot to take his Iron Cross off."



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How different was the picture when I visited Vienna in the late '20s. Indeed, hardened as I had been by four years of the first World War, I was sickened and horrified by what I saw.

I stayed at the Bristol on my first arrival. It was full of the most unpleasant type of war profiteer from apparently all over Europe.

On a second visit my wife and I went to a small and unpretentious hotel recommended by a friend. It was like a scene from the play "Reunion in Vienna." Old and frail members of the Austrian aristocracy, in threadbare clothes, formed most of the clientele. The staff, the majority of whom had evidently been formerly in private service, were elderly and the service was not good. But everyone, guests and staff alike, had the most charming manners and I felt that I was back in old Vienna.

Poverty

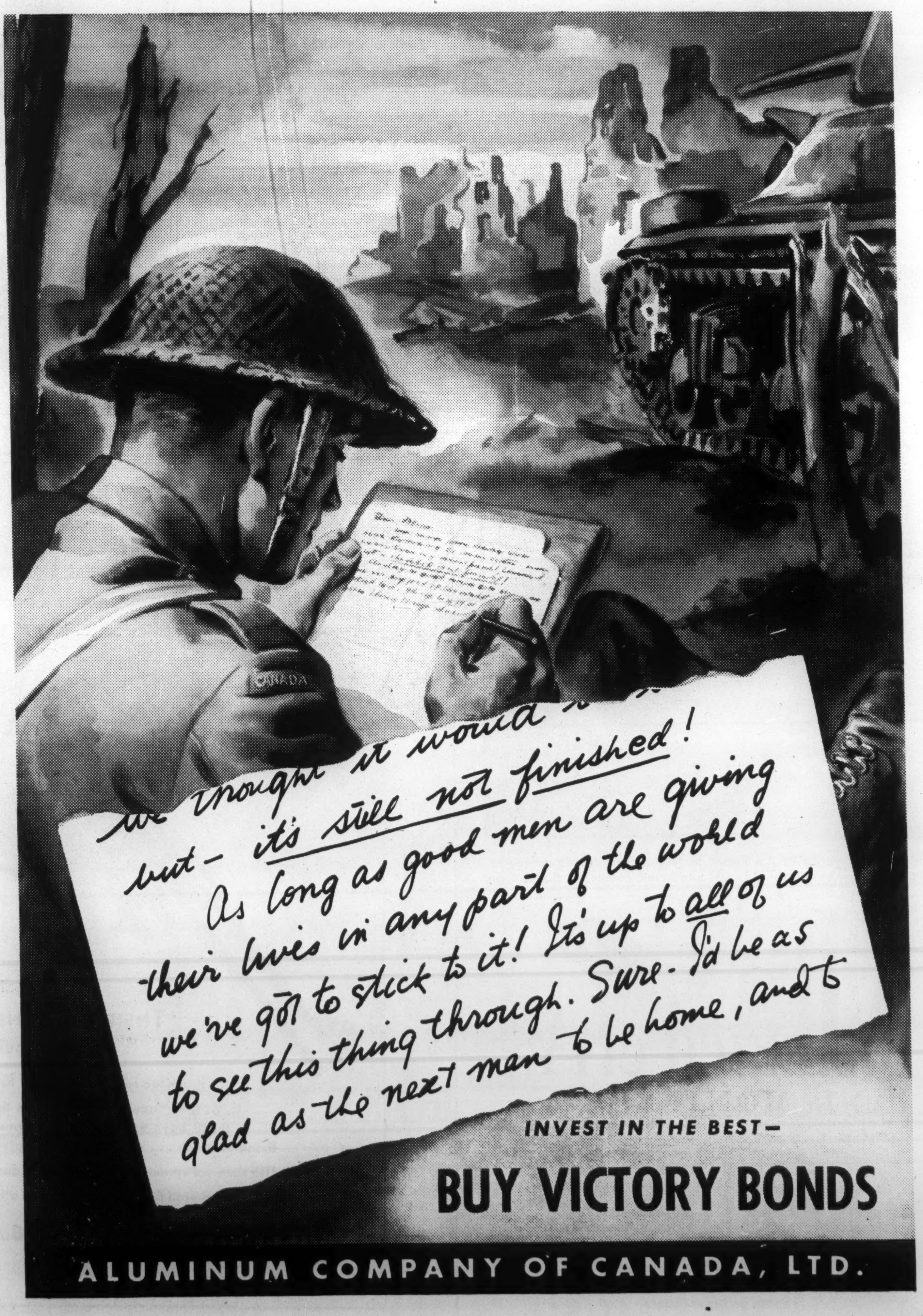
In the streets by day, men of the clerical class, out of work, often without shirts, in faded black morning coats, stood every two or three yards, offering to act as guides, selling matches or crude picture postcards, or frankly begging. At night, literally in a continuous row, were women not apparently belonging normally to that class who importuned everyone, even those walking as I was, with wives or daughters.

I have heard it suggested that the charm and instability of the Viennese character is due to the confluence of race and climate, which are the feature of the place.

The average man of the English-speaking world, with his moral and matter-of-fact outlook, does not think that the Viennese and, indeed, Austrian characteristics of artistic perception, intellectual sensibility, charming manners and striking good looks atone for lack of fibre and other moral qualities.

Whether that be so or not, is no reason for treating Austria as was done in the last Peace Treaty, since it meant the destruction of her economic life and the actual starvation of many of her inhabitants. From this source many evils have flown. They can be redressed in the new Peace Treaty.

"Said he came from Brooklyn, Sarge, but the silly guy forgot to take his Iron Cross off."



As Trade or Hobby, He Made Handicrafts Pay

By HIRAM McCANN

Unique in the rank of professors is Dr. Ivan H. Crowell, Director of Handicraft at Macdonald College, Quebec. More unique is his student body, which consists not only of teachers and hospital handicraft trainees but preachers and even stock-brokers, who find relaxation from making money in learning to make things with their hands.

Starting out in the 30's to discover some more congenial means by which students might earn part of their college expenses, Dr. Crowell built the Handicrafts Division at Macdonald College practically from scratch, without benefit of budget from McGill University, but with the moral backing of its officials and by enlisting practical financial help from interested businessmen.

WE bounced off the train at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, and across the campus of Macdonald College to the office of Dr. Ivan H. Crowell, Director of Handicrafts and probably the most unique pedagogue on the continent.

He was admiring a trout fly, an occupation he seldom has time to pursue. We joined him in gazing at it.

"Fine piece of work!" he said. "Made by a preacher. Takes a lot of patience and self-control." Then, with a grin, "But some of the best trout flies I've ever seen were made by a vociferous Montreal stock broker who came out here to take a two weeks' course as a means of resting up from making money!"

Preachers, stock brokers, teachers and truck drivers—they all come to this prematurely grey-haired young man and his assistants to learn how to make things with their hands. Some (the teachers) take an eleven months' course embracing a wide variety of handicrafts as part of their training for teaching. Some (the preachers) study handicraft as a means to closer contact with the youth, families and various problems in their communities. Some take whittling-knife, chisel and pliers in hand with a view to earning a living or augmenting their present income. Others of Dr. Crowell's constantly changing student body take up handicraft as a hobby.

Then there are the Hospital Handicraft students. Some of these, from the Red Cross, are now doing duty in hospitals in Newfoundland, Labrador and in England. A constant stream of these classes goes through the general course. There are the wounded veterans, for whom a new and extensive program has been recently undertaken. These men, many of them very seriously injured, will be taught handicraft so that they may work at practical projects in their own homes, greatly boosting their morale and adding a bit extra to their pensions. Other veterans are being trained as teachers, as gift-shop owners and as hospital handicraft workers.

Aid to Handicapped

Only a few days ago the Montreal Association for the Blind sent the school a blind student to be trained as a handicraft instructor. He has already mastered a simple "inkle" loom for weaving and is making certain adjustments that will aid sightless craftsmen. By learning a variety of crafts he will be able to widen the interests of all blind people.

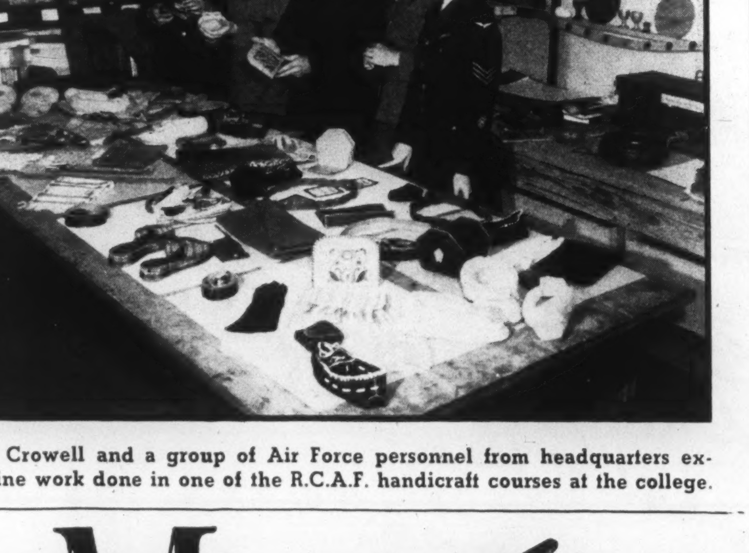
Courses offered include leatherwork, weaving, wood turning, lino block printing, rug making, pottery, chip carving, whittling, small stone cutting and polishing, trout fly making, and two new features: art plastics and handicraft design. Length of courses varies from two weeks, for the learning of a simple craft, to eleven months' instruction in several crafts for teachers. In 1944 Dr. Crowell's student registration showed 786 names. That, from a start with 84 students in 1939 (and he was only equipped at that time to handle about 10) is an indication first, of the intense interest being developed in handicraft in Canada and second, of this twinkling-eyed young man's ability as a salesman and organizer.

If he hadn't been a salesman and an organizer there'd probably have been no handicrafts curriculum at Macdonald College today. Because McGill University, of which the college is a part, has no fund for such a course.

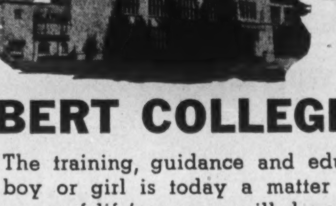
Found the Answer

Back in the turbid 30's Dr. Crowell, a graduate of the University of New Brunswick and a scholarship postgraduate of Miami University and Harvard in plant pathology, arrived at Macdonald to teach the budding agriculturists how to make plants healthy and keep them fruitful. Having taken his own University training during the depression, and having to earn part of his college expenses in sundry occupations—neither lucrative nor enlightening—in order to keep body and soul together while taking these courses, he looked about for a better means whereby Macdonald College students could earn the extra money they needed for those things which make for the difference between a university course and a grind. He found the answer in his own home basement.

In that basement was the lathe he used for his hobby (he used to teach manual training in Nova Scotia) and on that lathe Dr. Crowell and some of



Dr. Crowell and a group of Air Force personnel from headquarters examine work done in one of the R.C.A.F. handicraft courses at the college.



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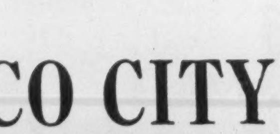

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. . . And so until final Victory we must all

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the handier undergraduates proceeded to turn out some colorful woodwork—salad bowls, sandwich plates and so forth. Then somebody picked up a small loom and a few of the coeds started to weave scarves and other items of their own design. In a few weeks' spare-time work they produced quite an assortment of merchandise which one of their group proceeded to sell through the big departmental stores in Montreal.

The buyers were interested. Where did the things come from? What was the price? How uniform was the quality? To what extent could supply be guaranteed? Sure, they'd take more! They'd take all they could get—and at prices which netted those kids at the College between 50c and $1.00 an hour for their spare time, depending upon the product made.

A Super-Salesman

To Dean W. H. Brittain's office went Dr. Crowell with a larger idea for what he could see as the only logical development of the enterprise: a course in handicraft at Macdonald College. The Dean was enthusiastic, but pointed out that the University budget made no allowance for such a project. The funds needed for lathes, looms, tools, and to pay instructors simply didn't exist. If anything were to come of the idea it would have to be sold to men who had enough money to give it sympathetic and practical support.

Dr. Crowell, without even a prospect list, popped down to St. James Street and vicinity in Montreal and started making calls. The first call was the head of the huge publishing chain and a forward-looking citizen if there ever was one. This gentleman (he doesn't want his name mentioned) heard the story and his eyebrows went up. Did young Dr. Crowell know that no professor should at any time approach a member of the Board of Governors of the University? Dr. Crowell did. Was he, then, aware that he was talking to a member of the Board of Governors at McGill University? It was Dr. Crowell's turn to raise his eyebrows. Obviously he didn't know that. The gentleman grinned at his embarrassment, asked him to leave his samples and the memorandum covering the project, and advised him to drop back later in the day. By five o'clock that afternoon, with the help of a few telephone calls by the gentleman in question, the first year's operation of the new Division of Handicraft was pretty well underwritten. Other calls on other fine public spirited citizens rounded out the beginning needs. And from that day to this the University has contributed the space but otherwise not one cent to the project.

Surprising Development

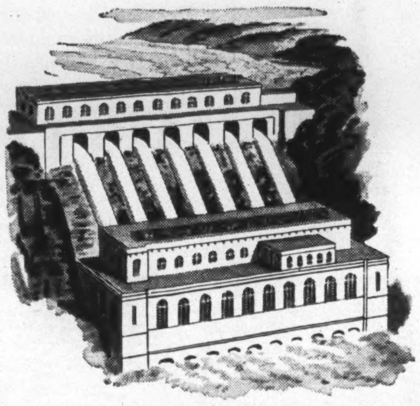
Others became interested. J. Murray Gibbon, president of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, wielded his power for the good of the cause. Educationalists gave it enthusiastic support. Merchandising interests welcomed its products, the entire production wages for which went back to the students who made them. Handicraft teachers went forth from the College to work in other provinces. Graduates of the Division are now working in public schools, rehabilitation centres, in military hospitals, teaching handicraft to disabled soldiers both to hasten their convalescence and to improve their earning possibilities, on discharge from hospital. Recently Dr. Crowell made a tour of Canada, visiting all provincial departments of Education to discuss their postwar needs for handicraft instruction.

Handicrafts in schools everywhere is one of Dr. Crowell's most intense interests. Through handicrafts children will learn of their natural talents be they in wood, metal, ceramics, design, textiles, etc. With this knowledge they may seek further training along specific lines or seek a position in an industry where their talents can be used. As a result, Dr. Crowell believes, youth will tend to stay and develop with an industry, for with direct application of its talents it will be able to earn a higher standard of living.

Through the Adult Education Service of the University, a series of booklets on handicrafts has been published, but this work has now become so onerous that booklets will henceforth be published by Macmillan's in Canada. The new series will be much more extensive in variety and will be sold in both Canada and the United States. Right now craftsman-authors in both countries are preparing manuscripts about their special crafts. Dr. Crowell's philosophy is that among good neighbors, good works are the denominator of mutual interest.

The future of the Handicrafts Division seems well assured. The need is great and its ability to fill that need is proven. Dr. Crowell's belief is that there will be a growing need for handicraft instruction in connection with vocational work, for handicraft instruction in therapeutic treatment and for handicraft instruction to help you and me (like the fly-tieing stock broker) enjoy a fuller and better balanced existence. As for us, we've just about talked ourselves into taking a two weeks' holiday ($17 a week for tuition and all necessary materials, $8 to $10 a week for lodging) at Macdonald where we propose to have some fun learning how to work with plastics and the new metals and fibres!

Here's proof that cookery is a → man's game. Canon, company director and banker were among the men who beat A.T.S. girls in a cookery contest in England. Score was close —237 to 235.



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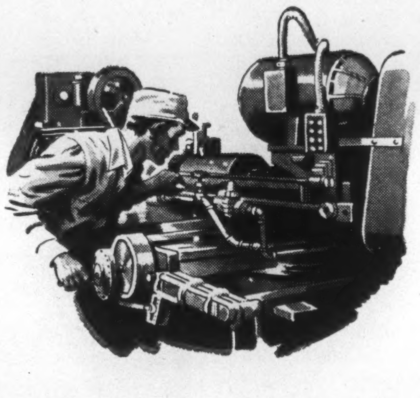

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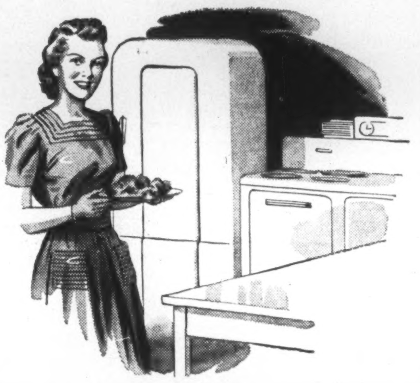

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Red Soldiers Add Gay Note to English Town

By LEIGH M. SCULLY

Two thousand Soviet soldiers, prisoners-of-war released by the Allies in Western Europe, are giving many Britons their first contact with Russians.

Mr. Scully reports it is a happy experience with, on occasion, Soviet orders against too much social life being cheerfully broken.

THROUGH the streets of a once-popular coastal holiday resort you can hear the strains of a gay, brave tune. The lilt is unfamiliar, the words meaningless except to the singers.

The nearest you can get to it in English is **"Mee poyedam voyevat"** and it means "Away we go to battle." Unfortunately the song is a little optimistic, because it would be several weeks before these Russian singers could go away to battle again. In many cases their fighting days are over, for their wounds are too severe.

"Well, any suggestions?"

There are, nevertheless, over 2,000 of these Red Army men in this one small coastal town—they are all men liberated from German prison camps by the Allied advance into Western Europe, and thus are the counterpart to the British soldiers freed from the Nazi camps on the Polish side, and now in Moscow.

This is the strangest Red Army you could imagine, for all the men wear British khaki battle-blouses. They are paid in English money, they are learning quite a lot of conversational English: they come from so many widely spaced areas of the U.S.S.R. that quite a number of them cannot even speak Russian!

'Govorite li vy po angliski ili po frantsuzski?' ((Do you speak English or French) I tried on one Red Army man, but he just looked blank.

"There's no need to brush up your Russian," wisecracked a young Soviet engineer from Moscow. "He's a Tadzhik, and doesn't speak our language!"

English-Speaking Eskimo

In one billet alone I met 36 men, and there were 15 different nationalities represented, including Tartars, Cossacks, Kazaks, Tadzhiks, Siberians, Yakutsks, and even Eskimos from North-east Siberia. One of these Eskimos could speak fairly fluent English, with a powerful Canadian accent!

These comrades of Stalin have been billeted in the town for several weeks, and a stern-minded Moscow military authority might be annoyed to know that express orders are being disobeyed! These ex-prisoners are forbidden by order of the Soviet Military Commission to visit public-houses, dances or even to visit private houses unless special necessity can be pleaded. This is a well-intentioned rule, of course, drawn up to ensure that ex-prisoners from the Red Army, no matter in what part of Europe they may be, conduct themselves with becoming strict regularity.

But British people can't take such a Commission Order seriously, and are treating the men to cinemas, dances, to drinks and, best of all, inviting them home to share English family life.

Girls Fragile But Kind

Typical of the younger members of the Army is Makhavus Alyoxov. He is just 19, joined up when he was 16, and was captured by the Reichswehr near Zhitmor nearly two years ago.

"Your girls are much paler than Russian women," he says. "They are fragile, but they are kind."

Dairien Kalulov, 27-year-old Tadjik, was captured in 1943 at Veliki Luki. Feodor Gringakov, a Leningrad blacksmith, is anxious for news of his wife and eleven children.

"Ono ochen krasivo, ne pravda li?" (It's very beautiful, isn't it?) young Kiri Zmenov commented to me, looking at the English coastline. He went on to tell me what it was like in his own home-town, a village outside Leningrad, and of his holidays in the snow. His companion came from the other side of the Urals, which he sketched quite professionally, and explained in his part of the country were not giant mountains at all, but rolling, wooded hills. In a valley just the other side is his home-town, Magnitogorsk, the new steel-town of the Soviet Union. This, he conveyed was one of the emergency new cities that sprang up before the German Army invaded. He drew copious clouds of smoke to show the old home-town Magnitogorsk blast furnaces belching forth black fumes.

Two of the boys I met had been farmers. One worked on a Kolhoz (collective farm) and the other on a Sovhoz (State farm). I left them in the middle of an interesting argument, which I suspect they carried on almost daily, about the respective merits of their farming methods.

A striking feature of these men, which you certainly do not find about the majority of captured Germans, is their moustache. Very few German soldiers have a "Hitler" toothbrush, but quite a fair proportion of these men had a full, well trimmed "Stalin."

Many Died

When they were released from capture their own clothes were in rags. The Germans had done nothing for them, and many died of disease, hunger and from wounds for which no treatment was given. They are thrilled to wear British equipment, and praise its quality—though it is only fair to add that their original equipment was of equally good stuff. It is just that after more than two years of starvation and misery they feel proud to be wearing a new uniform again.

Many inhabitants in this little town turn round to stare when they see a hatless "Tommy" striding down the road, his great moustache waving in the sea breeze! It certainly looks contrary to King's Regulations, but when the pseudo-Tommy turns round with a cheery grin, and wave of the hand and a friendly: *"Zdrastvuyte"* (the Soviet equivalent of Hiya, pal!) then the Stalin touch is complete.

Father of all the Army men in this particular group is Grigori Gulko. He was a Ukrainian farmer until the German Army burned down his farm. But he was telling me with eager gestures of his plans for the next 15 years to rehabilitate his farm. He has a long-term plan, has Grigori, and he is tall, brown-haired, clear eyed and brawny.

"How old are you?" I asked, and he drew in rough characters on the table a *shest* and then a *chetyre*—64!

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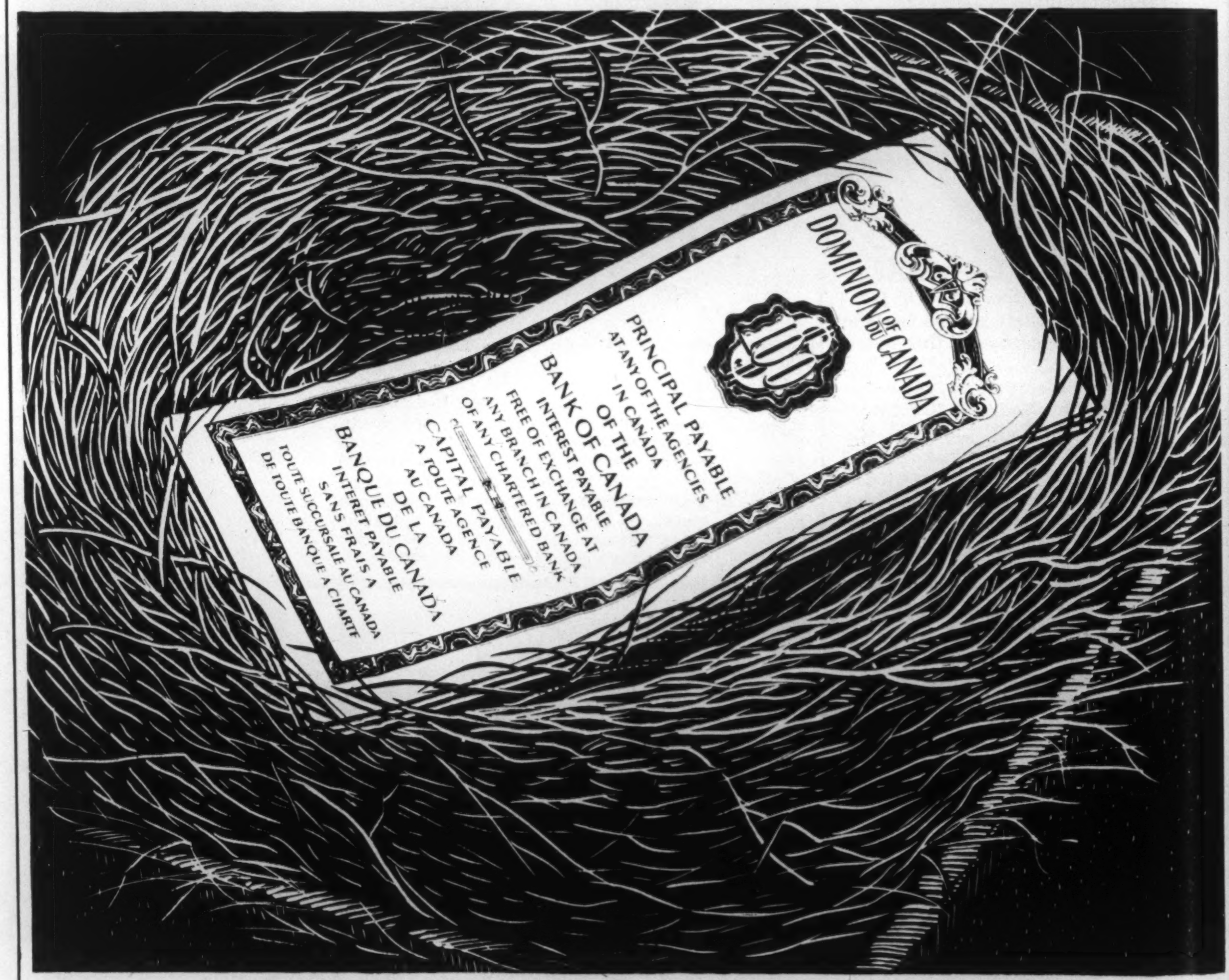

THIS NEST EGG IS SURE TO HATCH

The Victories being won by the United Nations on every battlefront is glorious news, indeed, if we take them as the end of another round instead of the finish of the fight.

Even at this stage of the war, they could lead to a set-back if they are taken as a signal to slow up, let down or quit backing the war with all we've got. If you think the final stages will be easy, if you think we can win Victory with one hand, then you are wrong, dangerously wrong.

Before the last shot is fired a lot of lives are going to be lost and a lot of billions spent. The more Canadian dollars that go into superior equipment, the less Canadian blood is going to redden foreign soil.

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SPRINGTIME GARDENS

There's Still Time to Plan Your Garden -- and Plant It, Too!

By PAUL GREY

SO you think it's too late now to plan your garden! It really isn't; for, despite the weather vagaries of this spring, there still is time to make some changes in the plans of even long-established gardens and to inject new planting in accordance with any innovations in plan. Generally speaking, planning should be based on the three distinct units into which the grounds surrounding any average house naturally fall. First, there is the front unit—or shall we call it the front "area"? Then there must be a service area reserved, and finally as large an area as possible assigned to the garden proper, which on the score of privacy ought to be as far as feasible from the street.

The front area—much exposed to public view as a rule—is chiefly useful as a frame for the house: but a very pleasing frame it can be made with the right sort of foundation planting around the house, shrubs to define the boundaries, and, if space permits, possibly two or three ornamental shade trees.

The service area ordinarily can be held down in size, as it is essentially utilitarian; a space for garage and drying yard with easy access to basement and kitchen. Preferably, it should be as inconspicuous as possible, and screened from the balance of the home grounds by planting or by some form of decorative fence.

Coming now to the third area, designated as the "garden proper", it is apparent that its plan and development must be geared to personalized requirements, which naturally will vary according to the age and number of members in the household. Thus, for a family of small children, a substantial part of the available space would be set aside for playtime activities, whereas for a family of adults the accent would be placed on facilities for horticulture, sports or downright relaxation as individual tastes dictated.

The garden area, because of its intimate relationship to family activities, should be closely linked to one or more of the important rooms of the house, and it preferably should be so planned that its chief points of interest will be on a direct axis with glass-lighted doors or windows for enjoyment from within.

This critical year, too, no matter what else we may plan for the garden proper, we should make provision for the growing of vegetables if there is any well-drained portion of the home grounds that has unobstructed sunshine for a minimum of five or six hours every day. The liberated countries must be fed—and fed soon—if their peoples are to be rescued from starvation. Everything that we as home-owners can grow in the way of food-stuffs for our own use will help to release that much more commercially-grown food for processing and shipment overseas. That, surely, should be a sufficient incentive to the growing of vegetables in Canadian home-gardens this year.

Evergreens, Shrubs

Turning now to planting material, there is scarcely a garden regardless of location, size or type but that can be enhanced by a well-placed disposal of evergreens and flowering shrubs. The particular value of evergreens in garden beautifying, of course, is obvious at once, as the very name tells the story—foliage that retains its luxuriance of growth and its color from year's beginning to year's end. The flowering shrubs, however, though providing no winter color, run close to evergreens in usefulness, as they make up for any winter deficiency by a great diversity of form, flower and foliage from early spring to well on in the autumn. And, in addition to their other virtues, some of these shrubs produce berries of attractive coloring that remain long past the flowering season.

Notable among the berry-bearing flowering shrubs are the purple choke-berry, which derives its name from the color of its berries, and the callicarpa japonica, or beauty berry, which has pinkish flowers followed by violet-hued berries. The dogwoods and the barberries, the sea buckthorn and the jetbead, the coral berry, elder and snow berry are other flowering shrubs that prolong their showiness by berries of interesting color.

When is a berry a fruit might be a lead question in regard to shrubs, some of which are listed in catalogues as fruit-producing while others are noted as berry-producing. The distinction must be pretty subtle—but here are some of the flowering shrubs which carry "fruit": the cotoneaster, Russian olive, silverberry, honeysuckle and viburnum.

As for evergreens, their versatility is as marked as their variety. In form and size, for instance, they respond equally to the special requirements demanded for foundation planting, rock gardens, boundary lines and wind-breaks, while in coloring they not only show infinite variations of green, but a range of silvery, golden and blue-tinged foliage to lend sparkle to any massed planting. It is, because of the variety and versatility of evergreens, a wise precaution to check very carefully with a landscape architect or an experienced nurseryman before placing an order, so that just the right choice may be made for any given use or position.

Flowers and vegetables are entirely compatible—for here flowers form a colorful boundary for vegetables growing sturdily under day-long sunshine. Slender racks provide ideal support for the tomatoes without which no food-growing garden is complete. Photo: R. A. Smith.

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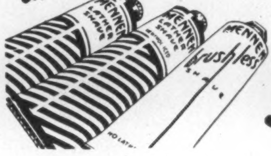

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MONSANTO PLASTICS

SERVING INDUSTRY... WHICH SERVES MANKIND

Farmers Should Make Themselves Efficient

By STEWART C. EASTON

Assistance to farmers in improving their business is available everywhere. But governments can only provide it, not force them to use it.

The right to use land entails responsibilities. The farmer owes it to his community to farm his land well, for the city cannot be prosperous when agriculture is in decline. Inefficiency plays into the hands of socialisers, in city and country alike.

IN MY last article (April 21) I spoke of the need for community efforts to save the land itself from progressive deterioration and ultimate destruction. In Canada, and indeed at least as much in the United States, we have always looked upon our land as inexhaustible. There is so much of it, we think, that if some millions of acres are ruined there will always be more. If one field becomes sterile, there are others to take its place. Modern machinery has made it possible to cultivate more land at a comparatively low cost per acre, and it seems obvious that if we farm 200 acres with a yield of 15 bushels to the acre we shall obtain as great a total as if we obtained 40 bushels from 100 acres. But there comes a time when the yield becomes too low to yield a profit. It was this danger that I pointed out in my last article, and tried to show how farmers' practices affect every person living in the area and not themselves alone.

Damage Whole Community

When farmers complain it is rarely about their yields. There is always some other enemy to blame. Usually it is prices, over which they have no control; or it may be shortage of help and its poor quality, lack of capital, the weather, or a plague of insects or plant disease. Yet it is an established fact that except in the very worst years of a depression there are always some farmers in every area who make a profit. In bad years it may be small, but it is still a profit.

Other farmers simply cannot make ends meet. There are a few who are content with a low standard of living and have no ambition to improve it. But they remain few. Most have at least a vague ambition, but little idea how to satisfy it. They work too hard doing the same old thing to be able to expend any thought on a divagation from the routine. They may think they harm no one but themselves and their immediate families by their conservatism; but in the same way as their bad practices may hurt the whole neighborhood through the deterioration of physical conditions, so does their economic backwardness damage the economic life of the whole community.

It is clear that a man who can spend only $200 within the community during a year and yet occupies perhaps 200 acres of land is not pulling his weight. And he is playing directly into the hands of those who would socialize the land and build efficient collective farms thereon. If we wish to have private enterprise on the land, as in industry, then we must make that private enterprise work or put up with the consequences. We might have greater economic benefits under a collectivist economy, but we shall undoubtedly have less freedom. In the immediate postwar period we may have the last chance to set our house in order; for it is certain that we are not for ever going to submit to the existence of poverty in a world of potential plenty, and that there are powers of compulsion not yet used that could be vested in our governments, if the people wished to give up to them many of their present freedoms and rights.

It is an axiom that industry in this country cannot be prosperous if agriculture is in decline — at least not so long as a substantial part of our population is engaged in agriculture. How then can we help farmers to be prosperous for the benefit of us all? We have excellent departments of agriculture in every province. We have a wealth of information at our disposal. We have many experimental farms—there is no lack of knowledge. But the ordinary farmer, though he pays taxes for their upkeep, does not avail himself of their services. No city businessman could survive if he never changed his products or his methods, if he did not survey the world around him and take note of it. But too many farmers continue to farm in the same way as their grandfathers, in a radically changed world.

Must Have Business Outlook

The first necessity for the farmer—and this applies to absolutely all farmers, is to look upon his activity as a business. If he will only do this, by far the greatest of his problems will be on the way to solution. It is true that when prices are high, as now, almost every farmer will be able to show a profit, despite the higher price he has to pay for labor. But this is abnormal; he cannot expect this to continue long into peacetime. Equally would it be wrong to look upon the prices of 1932 as natural. Somewhere between the two is the reasonable price that a farmer may anticipate. And he must so plan his work and calculate his costs that he will make a fair profit if such a price rules.

The work of the Economics Division of the federal Department of Agriculture is hardly known at all to the average farmer. Yet it has made thousands of surveys of farms all over the country and can provide a wealth of information for the individual. It is primarily concerned with farming as a business like any other; and though fewer things may be predictable in farming than in other businesses, yet there is a residue which lends itself to scientific economic study. The Agricultural Representative is ready to predigest this knowledge and give it to the farmer in palatable form. But how few are willing to take advantage of it! Statistics need to be translated into the language of the farmer and it is his work and pleasure to do it.

Let us say a farmer has a place of 150 acres with fair buildings and a reasonably fertile soil. He is free to grow anything he wants on this soil. He is free to grow anything he wants on this soil subject only to the necessities imposed by climate. He can have pigs, beef or dairy cattle, sheep or chickens, he can grow peas or potatoes, wheat or barley. Yet if he were hundreds of miles from a cannery, and *fifty* from a good market he would hardly choose to grow peas unless he wanted them to feed to the stock or simply to improve his land. He must therefore consider first of all where he is to sell his products. Of course all farmers already do this to some extent, but they could and should usually consider many more possibilities than they do at present. Nothing need be ruled out that he can sell, unless it is impossible to find labor in his area for the quantities required. Even then he should consider whether he can import the necessary labor from a distance. He must consider also whether the crop he chooses will exhaust his land, and if so whether he can build it up again by the use of manure and fertilizer. In such a case he must of course then decide whether he can dispose of the products that he gets from his animals who provide the manure, also at a profit.

The question of profit is all important—to know whether any crop or animal enterprise is profitable it is essential to know the costs. Probably fewer than one farmer in twenty ever knows his costs; fewer still keep adequate books.

Labor Figures Important

The principal item in costs is labor. He must know whether he

C. ELVINS

H. B. BROWN

Following a brilliant advertising career embracing more than forty years of service with The Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada, Clifford Elvins, Advertising Manager, has retired from active business life. He is a past president and one of the founders of the Association of Canadian Advertisers and of the Insurance Advertising Conference, also a former vice-president of the Direct Mail Advertisers Association. Prior to 1936 he was for twenty-nine years secretary and treasurer of the Insurance Institute of Toronto.

H. B. Brown has been appointed to occupy the vacated post. Former Assistant Advertising Manager, he has been engaged in editorial and publicity work for the Imperial Life for the past fifteen years.

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is getting full value for the money he pays out for help. He must work out the costs of feeding his own family, and how much help he gets in return from the working members. The man-hours spent per year on his farm can be calculated without too much difficulty if he gives his attention to it. He must be able to figure, whether by the application of more labor and the hiring of more help he can increase his profits.

Often his acreage is limited by the farms of his neighbors; he cannot increase it. So he must consider whether by the use of better equipment and machinery and more labor he can increase the yields of his existing fields. He needs to buy no more land; its cost to him will therefore be the same for a high yield as for a low. Nearly all land can be improved so as to provide higher yields per acre. But he will have to know whether the greater expen-

SEARCH

HOW shall a woman spin out time
And feed her heart on prayer and rhyme?
In many a lonely little house
A woman, quiet as a mouse,
Sits down to sip her cup of tea,
Her heart upon the farthest sea,
Or just below a distant star,
Or alien earth. Oh, very far
A heart goes journeying to find
Its counterpart. The hungry mind
Dips into space to hold once more
Its love. There is no foreign shore
Too far to seek, no hill so high
But love must scale it, by and by!

MONA GOULD

diture of labor and equipment will pay for itself and leave a profit in addition. These things are not, in these days, guesswork; they are the predictable within limits. Prices rarely fall drastically in one year, and a reasonably accurate estimate can be made. The weather in this country is fairly reliable.

Mentally Lazy?

The sad thing is that there is a vast wealth of information available that is too rarely used. There are numerous agencies for the farmer to consult, but which he seldom does. The services have necessarily been cut down during the war, but they will be expanded afterwards. Hand in hand with this expansion there should be a vast increase in publicity. Through the radio, through press advertising, through competitions, through visual publicity the farmer should be encouraged in self-help. Let us not be afraid even of the Russian method of appealing to the social conscience of the farmer.

Let us tell him outright that he has a social responsibility, that he owes it to his fellowmen to be a good farmer, that his private use of land entails an obligation to work it. There is a deep inertia in the country. The farmer is not lazy physically, but too many are mentally lazy, often as the result of too hard and too continuous work. Our whole civilization has been built by learning to use our head to save our hands. If we can persuade the farmer to take his share in this, then one of the most important and far-reaching steps towards general prosperity will have been taken.

• •

Sunday Morning In Germany

By ALAN MOOREHEAD

Sunday morning in a Rhine town and Mr. Moorehead, with other Allied soldiers, went to church. Two rows of gray-haired elders sat in the front row. And, mixed through the congregation, the soldiers fitted English words to the German hymns.

Germany.

IN this house which we use as a forward camp we have a couple of Rhine maidens who "do" for us.

The two girls work hard. They sweep the floors, make the beds and fill the water jugs in the rooms. In return for this we give them one hot meal a day.

They go for their wages to the burgomaster, and he pays them out of the funds of this German town.

That seems to be the rule for hiring German labor.

It is a strange business, this gradual mixing up of the two populations—the conquering army and the local civilians.

Standing Room Only

For example, you never know whether or not to say "Good morning" to these two girls, although they have been working here for a week.

This being Sunday morning, and nothing much happening up at the front, I got up late and went over to the church where the morning service had already begun. The place was crammed with Germans.

When I got in there was only standing room left. There were the Elders, a double line of coats and grey heads at the front, and then pew upon pew of German women and children and young men, all dressed rather plainly but with good thick ersatz stuff.

Sprinkled about among the worshippers were British and American soldiers.

They knelt together and sang together with the Germans, finding English words to the music.

For the moment there is no electricity to work the organ.

Outside a number of military trucks and workshops are drawn up in the close, and the noise of their generators, a kind of steady pumping, kept sounding through the church during the pauses in the service.

Nobody seemed to take much notice of me or the other soldiers, except for a quick, furtive glance and they were all deeply intent on the priest.

He stood in his white robes on the wooden pulpit about six feet above the heads of the people and addressed them in Low German, the language spoken in those parts.

Just before 11 o'clock a flight of fighter bombers went by low over the town, and when the noise died away the priest gave out one or two announcements.

He told them of the hours of work laid down by the Allied Military Government, and some of the rules governing things like the black-out.

The people listened intently and without expression.

Then the service went on again and we came out in the cold, grey morning light.

Germans with arm bands marked "police" were walking up and down the street—they are a civilian force appointed by the Town Major.

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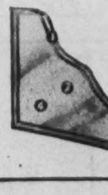

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GLASS HOBBS PLASTICS
LONDON, CANADA
BRANCHES: COAST TO COAST

Bodleian Greatest Of University Libraries

By LOUISA E. RICHARDSON

With nearly a million and a half books collected in three and a half centuries, the Bodleian at Oxford is one of the world's most renowned libraries. This year is the fourth centenary of the birth of its founder, Sir Thomas Bodley. A former Fellow who was entrusted with diplomatic missions by Queen Elizabeth, his ambitions were blocked by misfortune at Court and he returned to the university to devote his life to the building of the library.

THIS year marks the fourth centenary of the birth of the founder of one of the world's most famous libraries. The Bodleian, at Oxford, in England, is named after Sir Thomas Bodley, born at Exeter in 1545. Owing to the religious persecutions of Mary's reign his family, being Protestants, fled to Geneva where he received his early education which included the study of languages and divinity. On the accession of Elizabeth they returned to England, and in 1559 Bodley entered Magdalen College, Oxford, became a Fellow of Merton College, read lectures on the Greek language and philosophy, and officiated as public orator. He spent the next four years travelling on the continent and during 1585-96 Queen Elizabeth employed him on various diplomatic missions in Europe.

Having married a wealthy widow, Bodley then wished to obtain a state secretaryship at home through his friendship with Burleigh and Essex; but Essex's recommendation, by rousing the enmity of the Cecil family, frustrated Bodley's hopes and, bitterly disappointed, Bodley decided to retire to Oxford, of which he had many happy memories.

That decision, taken in a moment of depression and apparent failure, was to prove one of vital benefit and priceless value not only to Oxford but to students of the whole world. It provided the opportunity from which sprung that immense and matchless Library containing the literary wealth, and the records of Man's progress, from the remote past to the present day. It also provided a magnificent and unique monument to the name and memory of Bodley himself.

Devoted His Life

During his travels Bodley had collected a vast number of books; and at Oxford there was an empty library over the Divinity School, founded by Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, about 1444, which had been so thoroughly "purged of superstitious books" by the Commissioners of Edward VI that eventually even the empty shelves and the benches had been sold, leaving nothing but "a great desolate room." Bodley determined to devote his life to refounding it, and the Vice-Chancellor gladly accepted his offer.

During the next four years Bodley, with the help of Thomas James, who was officially appointed first Keeper of the Library in 1601, had suitable fittings put into Duke Humfrey's library, presented his own $40,000 worth of books, collected others by gift or purchase, and the Library, with a stock of about 2,000 books was officially declared open, by the Vice-Chancellor, on November 8, 1602.

With great foresight Bodley continued to purchase books from his stationer John Norton and dispatched his agent, John Bill, to the chief Continental cities in search of more treasures. He also assured the Library's future development when, on June 10, 1610, he obtained Confirmation by Convocation of the Code of Statutes for its government, and also secured an agreement with the Stationers' Company that they should grant to the Library a copy of every book printed by them.

When Duke Humfrey's room proved incapable of housing the increasing number of volumes, Bodley planned the extension now known as the "Arts End" which was completed in 1612. The building, originally shaped like an H, of which Duke Humfrey's room is the centre and the "Arts End," and the "Selden End," built in 1634, form the end sections, has been vastly extended and many beautiful buildings added in successive centuries. The Radcliffe Camera, begun in 1739, is one of the most beautiful, its dome and cupola soaring to a height of 140 feet and its open balcony giving one of the finest views of Oxford. The Radcliffe is now used as the central reading room of the Bodleian.

The latest addition is a large building with reading rooms and increased storage, across the road in Broad Street, with a connecting tunnel and mechanical book conveyances. This structure, planned in 1935, was estimated to cost $4,000,000, and the Rockefeller Foundation generously offered three-fifths of the total if the University collected the remainder.

The original 2,000 books of the year 1602, have increased to something like 1,400,000. Notable contributors in the past included Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Robert Cotton (MSS.), Bacon, and King James. Rare manuscripts, many of them collected by state officials holding appointments abroad, were given to the Library. Volumes in many of the Oriental languages also found a permanent home at the Bodleian. Bodley was knighted after the accession of James I, and remained the real administrator of the Library throughout his lifetime. At his death in 1613, having no family, he bequeathed most of his property to the upkeep and augmentation of it. It is now the second greatest deposit library in England, and the greatest of all University libraries in the world.

Among the Bodleian's most valuable purchases is a magnificent copy of the "Gutenburg Bible" and another rare book is one of the only two known copies of the "1602 Venus and Adonis." The last was bequeathed by Robert Burton, author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." Archbishop Laud (1635-40) gave 1300 MSS., in more than 20 different languages, some dating from the sixth and eighth centuries. From the eighteenth century and onwards the collection was increased by Latin and Greek classics, topographical collections, English dramatic literature and early poetry including first quartos of Shakespeare's plays, many MSS., large collections of early and valuable prints and drawings, some finely illuminated Bibles, Primes and Psalters, Sanskrit MSS., and Chinese books and MSS.

Collection of Shakespeare

The Biblical MSS. are numerous and of great value and include the "Codex Ebnerianus" of the whole of the New Testament. There is also a Shakespeare collection, the second largest and most valuable in the world, and his supposed signature on an Aldine edition of Ovid's "Metamorphoses; a Book of Hours" which belonged to Mary Tudor, dating from the fifteenth century and beautifully illustrated. An MS. of "Marco Polo's Travels" richly illuminated with beautiful paintings on a chequered background, and a number of Caxtons, Pynsons, and Wynkyn de Wordes make up a Library which, priceless in value and scope of interest, forms an irreplaceable record of humanity's development and progress through the centuries.

When the 8,000 volumes bequeathed by John Selden were being placed on their shelves, it is said that a pair of the late owner's spectacles was found inside one of them.

The Bodleian is, of course, not intended for those who would borrow books, though it is permitted to make extracts from them if suitably recommended. So stringent are these regulations that, long ago, when the King wished to borrow a history book and sent an order counter-signed by the Vice-Chancellor, his request was firmly refused and he, himself, with truly royal graciousness, approved the Librarian's action.

"Tree-topping" in British Columbia.

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Pulp and paper is the chief means by which the country's resources of forest and water-power are turned into national income. What happens to this industry in the years ahead is a matter of concern to every Canadian.

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SERVING THE UNITED NATIONS WITH WAR ALCOHOL

V-E Day Does Not Mean The Final Victory

By LISTER SINCLAIR

At this moment of victory we should remember above all else that the battle is not over: in fact, it is just beginning, for the battle against Nazism does not end with the defeat of Germany. Saturday Night, feeling that this point cannot be emphasized too often, is printing below excerpts from one of the C.B.C. V-E Day programs, written by Lister Sinclair, well-known Canadian radio writer, and produced for V-E Day by Andrew Allan, C.B.C. Drama Supervisor.

TO THOSE of you, who are listening at this time of Victory, let me put a question: What have we actually done on this day of victory? Whom have we just defeated? What have we just defeated?

The Pert Man: We've just defeated Germany, that's who! (Aside) What's the matter with the guy? Are you nuts, or sump'n? Don't you know we've been fighting Germany, Hitler? This Joe here's never heard of Hitler.

Narrator: Oh, we've all heard of Hitler; that stern Teutonic voice has reached the far ends of the earth; but knowing Hitler and defeating Hitler is not enough.

The Pert Man: Oh, you mean all the other fellows too. I quite agree; we certainly should take care of them!

Narrator: Take care of them? Lock them up? safely? Execute them? Perhaps that might make them into martyrs: send them into exile? What *should* we do to "take care of them?" And what use will it all be if we do not take care of other people besides Hitler and Goering and Goebbels and Himmler, and other things besides the crooked cross of Nazi Germany.

A Woman: What other things should we take care of?

Narrator: Well, first of all, we should take care of the War.

The Pert Man: But the war's over! We've won; this is V-E day, fellow: the War's over!

Narrator: Over! The War's over, you say! Let us ask those who have still to be killed if the war's "over" or not; let us ask those who are about to die if the War's "over"!

A Soldier: Ever hear of guerilla warfare? That's how I'm going to be killed. A German guerilla fighter's going to shoot me in the stomach one dark night. Being shot in the stomach hurts just as much when the fellow who shoots you isn't a proper soldier. It kills you just the same; just as I'm going to be killed in the War you say's *over*.

A Sailor: What about me? I'm going to be killed too. The fighting isn't over for me: yet. But it will be soon. One of Hirohito's boys is going to do me in out there in the Pacific; he's going to fry me up in a lot of burning oil out there at sea, and I'm not going to like it. Being burnt to death out in the Pacific hurts just as much even if the Germans are licked. It kills you just the same; just as I'm going to be killed.

Narrator: Well? Is the War "over"? Is the shooting over yet? Has the last shot been fired in the last skirmish where the last fanatic dies? There are still many deaths to die before the battles are over; there are still many tears to shed, and much bad news to hear. Can you go out to die those deaths? Can you wait to shed those tears? Can you bear to sit and hear that news?

The Woman: We must. What else can we do? We must.

The Pert Man (Thoughtfully) We give up, of course; that is, we could fix things up. We could negotiate with Japan. If we negotiated with Japan, it would be all right really. After all, Germany's licked, and that's the main thing.

Narrator: Except that the whole damnable dirty job would have to be done again. Except that the next time *we* might lose; we can lose, you know, we can lose even yet.

But all this has been said before; over and over again. And still we're likely to forget it; still we're likely to forget that a War is being fought out there in the wide world because as far as most of us on this continent are concerned there has been no real war! For most of us, the war has been an inconvenience; for some of us an *infinite* inconvenience!

Even for those of us who have taken the matter very seriously, the War has been a matter of hearsay; a matter of thrilling adventure stories told us by our brave boys; an exciting tale told to us at second-hand by sunburnt men with strong brown hands: or sometimes no hands at all.

For some of us the war has struck home. For some of us the meaning of war will be forever contained in a telegram, and an empty chair.

And of course for the men themselves the War has meaning and reality. They have smelt the flame-thrower, and heard the bomb; they have felt the kick of the gun and heard the angry roar of the charging tanks; they have seen the beaches spread out before them: grey cold beaches in the grey cold dawn, or shining beaches in a shining tropic sea, fringed with coral the color of blood. To them the war is real; to some of them, nothing else is real by now. The war to them is a matter of shooting and dying.

And all over the world it is the same; all over the world the people can tell the same dreadful story:

A European: Please, I come from central Europe as it happens, but that is not important, because it is the same anywhere. The whole continent has been fought over; every inch of it! Perhaps you cannot quite think what this means. It means that if you would please place your finger on the map of Europe then I can tell you the date when the actual front lines passed through the very spot you are mentioning! I wonder, please, can you imagine a battle in your own front garden, in your own house. We would like you to remember these things afterwards when we are talking things over. Do please remember these things, because while you have been at peace in Canada . . . and God knows we do not grudge it you . . . while you have been at peace in Canada, I am afraid we have been in hell.

Narrator: All over the world, the people, the ordinary people are the eyewitnesses of war:

Why should we go on? By now you know what the people have been through, the ordinary people in their own homes. They have been through all the things we have only read about and heard about. We should remember the things the ordinary people saw and heard in their very homes, and we should never forget them.

But these people *can* remember the meaning of war; can *we* remember it? Can we remember that war we have only known at second hand? Can we remember in the day of Victory the bitter ache of defeat?

The Woman: I think I can remember. I'd almost forgotten, but now you mention it I think I can remember. I can remember how I felt when France fell. It was like a dull ache inside for hours that never seemed to get any better.

Narrator: That was bad, certainly; but can you remember the things that were worse? Can you remember the long dull pain of the battle of Britain, when the papers monotonously catalogued the latest news of the steady pounding of the people who were living on their courage? Can you remember the slow agony of the retreat to Stalingrad; the pathetic excuses that we used, to try and make ourselves believe that the world was not yet lost: the "planned withdrawals" and the "strategic retreats"? Can you remember the long slow grey months that twisted the heart?

Will you remember these things later, when there is talk of nothing but peace? Will you try then to remember what war is really like; and what is more, will you try to remember what peace is like?

The Woman: Try to remember what peace is like?

Narrator: What we had before this war was not peace. It was the prelude to war. There was blood in the air. That terrible preliminary was worse than war itself. Do you remember what people said when at last the news came through?

A Man: Well, there it is, I guess. It's come at last. In a way, you know, it's a relief. At least we know were we are. In a way, you know I'm almost glad.

The Woman: (Shocked) Did we say that? We couldn't have said that!

Short Pause

Narrator: Shall we have the same again after this war? Anybody who is less than thirty years old has never known real peace; and it is these same young people who will have to try and build a peace they have never known. It will be up to them to avoid so fearful a peace that their tortured nerves will welcome war as a relief. That was what they called it, you will remember: the War of Nerves. Shall the world always live in the agony of the War of Nerves? Shall the passing of the seasons always record the grim procession of military preparations?

Do you still want to live on crises? Manchurian crisis! Rhineland crisis! Abyssinian crisis! Austrian crisis! Sudeten crisis! Polish crisis!

And then the relief; the glorious relaxation . . . of total war. Do you want that? Do you want the life of the world to hang on from second to second? Or do you want to take a deep breath every so often? Do you want to look at a newspaper without seeing a crisis? Do you want to live in the War of Peace, from which the only release is the peace of war? And if not, what are you going to do about it?

The Pert Man: What are we going to do about it? We're going to do plenty about it. What do you think we've been fighting this war for?

Narrator: I don't know. I'm wondering. That was what I asked a little while ago: What have we actually done on this day of Victory? Whom have we just defeated? What have we just defeated? Have we indeed defeated anybody or anything? Can somebody tell us what we have been fighting for?

The Pert Man: I fought to keep the world the way it is. I fought to preserve our way of life! I fought to keep all the things I like from being changed.

Narrator: Is that all? Have we fought and died to keep the world the way it is? Have we given up six years to war, and God knows how many centuries to come to reconstruction simply to keep things as they were before? To keep things in that blissful state that produced this war, and the last one, and the one before that; and which will infallibly produce the next war, and the one after that? Have we fought only to keep every link of our precious chains intact?

Another Soldier: I haven't. I fought to make some changes. I fought to keep guys like Hitler from ever getting in again. I fought to make things so's guys like Hitler won't ever be able to get going again.

Narrator: Now we're hearing something, soldier! Now we're getting down to something!

The Soldier: You're damn right. I've seen enough blood and cruelty to last me. I don't care what happens to Hitler, one way or the other. What I do care about is what happens to me and my family. I want to go home and sit down and relax, without having to get up and take care of the next Hitler in a couple of years. I ain't interested what happens to *this* Hitler. He's done with. I'm interested in the *next* Hitler. I'm interested in seeing that there isn't going to be no next Hitler. Either here or anywhere else!

Narrator: That's telling them, soldier; that's letting them know the good news! This war's to keep out the *next* Hitler! This war's got to settle the whole question for ever . . . or the question's going to settle us!

A Farmer: That's right, ma'am. I reckon we should try and get ourselves straight on things. I'm a farmer, and so it's food that interests me most, though as far as I can see, food's pretty important to everybody. I want to find about how much people get to eat, and who gets it, and who *doesn't* get it and why. It's a darned uncomfortable, tiring, miserable job growing food; and I've made up my mind it's plenty high time I found out what happens to it all.

A Business Man: I want the kids to get a decent education. I'm a self-made man myself . . . but I'm not proud of it. I'm ashamed. I'm not ashamed of myself, because I did all I could. . . I'm not even ashamed of my parents either, because I think they did all *they* could, but I am ashamed of the world for letting me grow up ignorant. Well, I want to see that every kid has a chance to get an education . . . all the education he wants . . . all the education he can handle, and I'm going to find out about that if it's the last thing I do!

A Worker: Well, I want to find out just what makes the government tick . . . and *who* makes it tick. I'm just a factory worker, but it seems to me I've got a sort of responsibility. Sure I use my vote.

Taxi Drivers' Dream Is Answered

★

Taxi drivers have often complained of the difficulty of reading the average street door numerals from sidewalk distance and have asked why some form of numeral, visible in the dark, could not be used. The answer to this plea has been found by the use of plastic numbers. Door numerals have been produced of "Lucite" and given a finely indented surface. The tiny facets of these indentations reflect the light from street lamps, passing vehicles and even the stars, and the numbers stand out in bold relief. Unfortunately, there are so many wartime calls for "Lucite", methyl methacrylate resin, that very little of it is available for civilian purposes, but with peace will come many new uses for this interesting material. "Lucite" is sold in Canada by the Plastics Division of Canadian Industries Limited, a leading supplier in the fields of plastics.

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but I'm beginning to think I mustn't let things stop there. The way governments have been acting all over the world the last twenty years . . . well, it seems to me the people just aren't paying attention. They talk about the Government as They. I want to start talking about the Government as Us. I want to feel responsible for the Government instead of having the Government feel responsible for me. If we do anything good, I want to get the credit because I'm the Government, along with a lot of other men and women like me; and if the Government does something bad, then I want to take the blame; because I'm still the Government even if it's doing something I don't like, and I still want to feel responsible.

A Rough Voice: I want to find out what makes people kick other people around. I want to know why one guy kicks another guy around; and why one province kicks another province around, and why one country kicks another country around. And particularly, I want to find out why the other guys let them get away with it. I want some justice!

Narrator: There are the people speaking . . . there are the things they want to do. There are the things they feel *you* should do. There are the positive things of the war and of the peace.

The Pert Man: But wait a minute! This is going to be an awful job.

Narrator: Is it?

The Pert Man: I should say so! This looks like a full-time job for the next fifty years.

The Pert Man: But the fighting's over, anyway . . . part of the fighting's over.

Narrator: Is it?

The Pert Man: (Hedging:) Anyway, I thought the fighting was over.

Narrator: Well, it isn't, is it? The fighting isn't anything like over if you don't want a Nazi victory.

The Pert Man: Here, here . . . wait a minute! What do you mean, if we don't want a Nazi victory! There isn't going to be any Nazi victory! We've just beaten the Nazis!

Narrator: Oh, no we haven't . . . because Nazism isn't just a lot of people dressed up in swastikas. Nazism is an idea. Nazism is the idea that says that only certain people shall get the money, and only certain people shall get the food and only certain people shall get the education, and the responsibility and the justice . . . that's what Nazism is. And that means that this war is a fight between our idea, which means money, food, education, responsibility and justice for everybody, and their idea . . . the Nazi idea which means money, food, education, responsibility and justice for the right people, the people that tag along. That means it's a war of ideas. As it happens most of the people with Nazi ideas are in Germany and Japan, and Italy and a few in Spain, and most of the people with our ideas are in Canada, and the United States and Great Britain and Russia and France, and dozens of other countries. . . But, remember this: not all the democrats are in the United Nations, and not all the Nazis are in Germany and Japan and Italy and Spain. Some of them are right here in Canada . . . and there are a few in any country you like to mention.

And that means that we could wipe out the entire German nation, and the entire Japanese Nation and the entire Italian and Spanish Nations, and still we should not have wiped out Nazism. Because Nazism is an Idea . . . and if every individual uniformed Nazi gets killed and we take over the Nazi idea, then *Nazism* has beaten *us*.

And there's plenty of chance for that to happen even yet. Just because we've beaten Germany . . . just because we've won the first battle in this dreadful civil war that mankind is fighting amongst itself on the surface of the earth; just because we've come to the first landmark, does *not* mean we've come to the end. It means we've come to the beginning. We've just been clearing the road. This victory means we have not really beaten anybody or anything yet!

Now we can *start* fighting. Now we can start fighting for a genuine peace . . . an honest, decent, Christian peace that'll *last*. . . Now we can start looking for the sort of world where wars won't be allowed to happen . . . now we can start fighting for money, and food, and education and responsibility and justice for everybody. And the day we get that . . . that'll be the real day of victory. Then we shall be able to go out and celebrate. And if anybody asks why we're celebrating, we'll be able to say: We're celebrating because the job's done . . . because the long road's over . . . because at last God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world.

But remember, for the sake of the peace that so many of us have never known, that that day is not today.

"The Day of Victory," written by Lister Sinclair, was produced and directed by Andrew Allan; with Budd Knapp as Narrator. The cast included: Grace Matthews, Jane Mallett, Roxana Bond, Bernard Braden, John Drainie, Frank Peddie, Hedley Rainnie, Alan Pearce, Tommy Tweed and the author, Lister Sinclair.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Vancouver Kindergarten for Deaf Tots is First of Kind in Canada

By P. W. LUCE

FIRST of its kind in Canada and fifth on this continent, a kindergarten for deaf children has been opened in Vancouver at Lord Tennyson School. Only nine children ranging from three and a half to five years are enrolled, and classes are limited to three at a time until the pupils become familiar with the technique. Most of the youngsters already know how to read a few simple words, and have a limited vocabulary.

Mothers attend the school with their children. Dr. C. E. MacDonald, director of the Provincial School for the Deaf and Blind, who organized the kindergarten, is of the opinion that parents have as much to learn as the afflicted child, and that the lessons started in the school must be continued in the home if success is to be assured.

The kindergarten teacher, Miss Nora Townsend, took training in Birmingham, England, and is one of the very few women qualified for this type of work. Classes are held five days a week, limited to one and a half hours at a time, this being about the limit of the child's ability to concentrate on studies.

The class will be considerably increased after the summer holidays. Eventually it is expected facilities will be provided for the teaching of deaf children from all parts of the province, these being brought to Vancouver and boarded near the kindergarten.

The B. C. Government School for the Deaf and Blind is one of the largest institutions of its kind on the continent. It looks after the educational needs of children from the three western provinces, and caters to both day and boarding pupils.

Sleeping Sickness Threat

Horsebreeders and farmers have been warned by the provincial livestock commissioner of the danger of encephalomyelitis spreading among their animals. This disease, which stockmen refer to by the easier term "sleeping sickness", has a decided resemblance to the affliction which paralyzes human beings, and frequently ends in death.

Treatment consists of vaccination, which was resorted to on a fairly large scale in 1943, but rather neglected last year owing to the indifference of farmers. Because of this there was a decided increase in the incidence, and the loss was considerable.

One serious fact is that equine encephalomyelitis can be contracted by human beings, and is more fatal to them than infantile paralysis. In 1941, in Manitoba and Saskatchewan nearly nine per cent of 895 reported cases terminated fatally.

Once firmly established in a district, the horse disease is very difficult to eradicate. Frequent vaccination is held to be an efficient control.

New Bantam Strains Bred

Bantams are usually regarded as children's pets, attractive but not particularly profitable poultry, even if the little hens do frequently lay three eggs in two days and keep this up for long periods. There are only a few hundred thousand bantams in Canada, representing about twenty breeds, but there is likely to be a tremendous increase in the varieties before many years.

William J. Stibbards, a retired building contractor of Vancouver, is devoting all his time and talent, and a sizeable part of his income, to the development of new bantam types. He has been at it for about twelve years, and his experiments are coming to satisfactory conclusions. His poultry farm is strictly practical, not a show place. Working with 300 birds, big and small, Mr. Stibbards decides on what new type of bantam he wishes to produce, and then proceeds to the desired end by selective breeding.

His most daring experiment at the moment is an attempt to shrink the large Yokohama game bird to one-fifth of its normal size. He has one very showy game cock penned up with a bantam hen, and from this matching he will get three or four hatchings of eggs a year. The smaller and more brilliant chicks will be paired for future progeny until the desired result is achieved. It may take ten or twenty years to fix the new bantam strain. It may take longer. Sir John Sebright spent thirty years developing the two strains that bear his name, the Golden Sebrights, and the Silver Sebrights bantams. King Edward VII knighted him for this achievement, among others.

Mr. Stibbards has Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Minorcas, Plymouth Rocks, and several other strains of ordinary poultry in the process of gradual reduction to bantam size. He is especially proud of a midget Wyandotte which weighs only 20 ounces. His ancestors weighed eight pounds.

Bantam cockerels used for breeding include champions of such famous strains as Silkies, Black and Buff Cochins, Dark Cornish, Black and White Crested Polish, Black Rosecombs, White and Golden Wyandottes, Black and Red Game, and two Silver Sebrights. When not at home propagating new strains these birds are travelling all over the continent winning prizes at poultry shows.

No Hospital Shortage Here

There is a woeful shortage of hospital accommodation in many parts of British Columbia, but not at Prince George. In that northern town there is a 250-bed military hospital without a patient. It was closed recently after being only partly used for a short time prior to the departure of the troops from that district. Its future is a bit of a problem.

Built at a cost of $575,000 at a time when there was a strong possibility that the Japanese might make a descent on the Pacific Coast, the institution was intended as the chief base hospital of the interior. Three doctors and ten army nurses were on the staff in 1943, waiting for the rush of work that never came.

Seaside Snaps Permitted

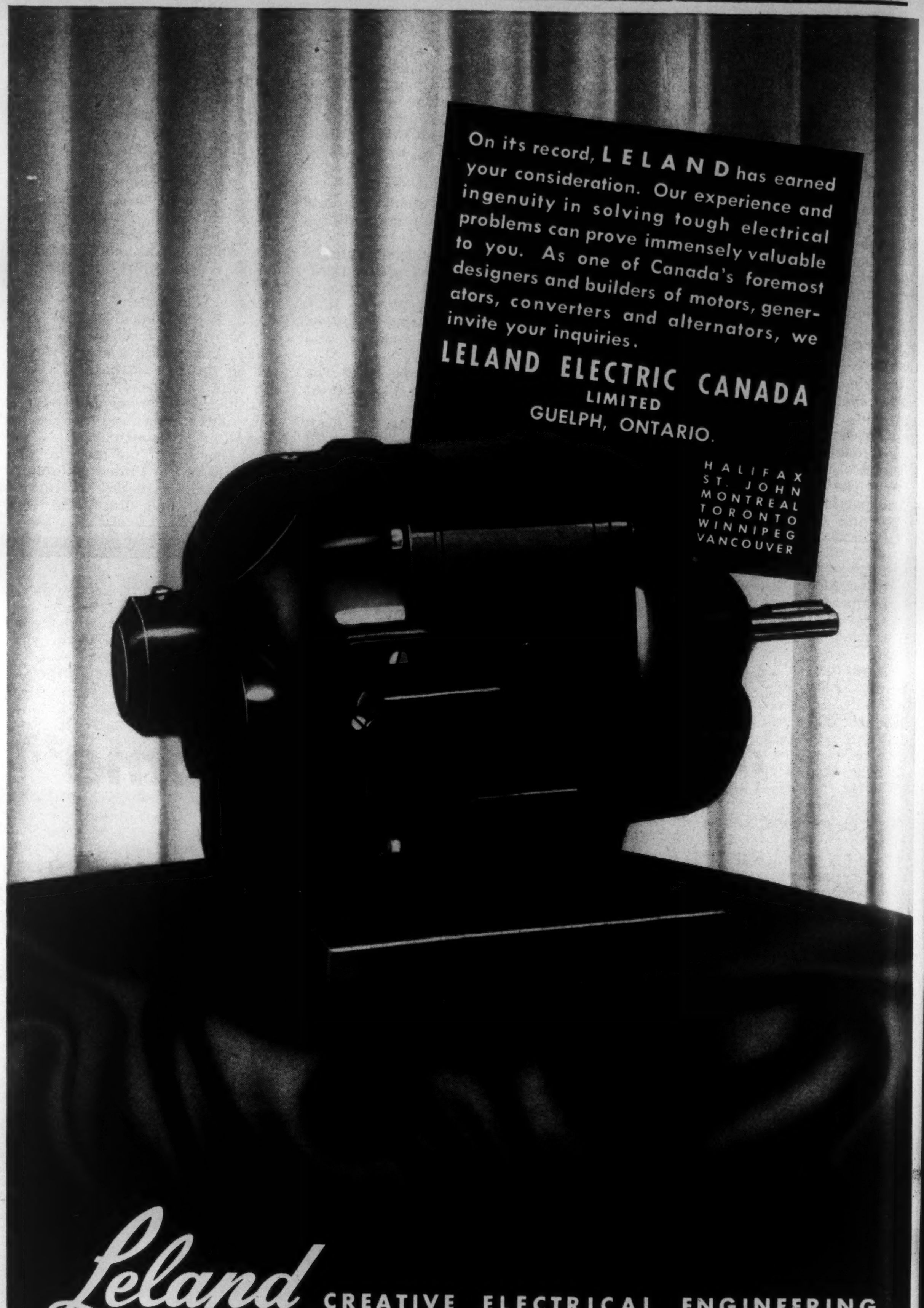
One more military prohibition has come to an end. It is now permissible to take photographs on the seashore, though snaps of ships and military equipment are still barred. Picture taking had been *verboten* since the beginning of the war, and at least three persons were prosecuted for using cameras in defiance of regulations. One of these was an employee of the Japanese consulate, who took a family group with an airport in the dim distance. The number of unwitting lawbreakers was probably somewhat less than the number of persons who carry cameras, but that may have been because of the film shortage.

One-Man Cars Opposed

After waiting nearly four years, B. C. Electric Railway company has received six of the eighteen one-man cars allotted to it by the Dominion Transit Controller. There are already a few modern one-man cars in the city, but most of the cars are ancient models sadly in need of repairs impossible in these days of labor shortage. They are operated by a crew of two.

Street railway employees have announced that they will insist on two-men crews on the one-man cars, even if one man is merely a figurehead. Their argument is that the jobs must be saved for men now overseas, jobs which are now held, in most cases, by women who have no desire to be permanent employees.

The street railway men lost a strike for higher wages early this year, but may not be averse to striking again on another issue.



THE WEEK IN RADIO

New York Philharmonic, President Truman, and Some Views on Nazis

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

A MAN said to me the other day: "Never in all my life have I heard such lovely music as the radio stations broadcast just before and after President Roosevelt's funeral. "But three days after the funeral they were back with the old trash. Can't you do something about it?"

Most of us will agree with the first part of his remark. Never in the history of the world has so much greatness in music been heard by so many people. But we can't follow his line of reasoning about the trash.

Granted, there is some junky music heard on the radio today, but there's also a lot of fine music. A great many people enjoy what others would call trash and they have a right to listen to music of their choice.

Not everybody likes the Boston Pops, the New York Philharmonic, the Stradivarius orchestra with Paul Lavalle. Not everybody likes Albert Steinberg and his string orchestra . . . or two piano teams that play Bach. Some people like corn, and plenty of it, and they have a right to it, in their own homes.

All of this is incidental to the announcement that the United States Rubber Co. has signed up the New York Philharmonic for the third consecutive year on C.B.S. and wins the generous applause of all who like the better type of music.

LISTENERS have now had an opportunity of hearing the voice of President Harry S. Truman (The S stands for no name, we are assured). We asked several people what they thought of his voice. While it was generally agreed that the new president does not possess the warmth of tone and the intimacy of personality of the late president, consensus was that this new man, in his first radio appearance, made a ten-strike.

His voice was clear. It had dignity and authority. It was obvious that he was reading his speech, but he read it without stumbling, and he read the words as if they had real meaning.

Close to 17,000,000 adult listeners heard his first talk. That's the figure of the Hooper radio measurement firm. His audience represented 32 per cent of the total homes in United States.

The highest daytime Hooper rating of all times, 60, was achieved on Dec. 8, 1941, by President Roosevelt in his broadcast speech the day after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

When President Roosevelt delivered his annual message on the state of the Union, on Jan. 6, 1942, he received a 35 rating.

THE other day, from Paris, we heard Eric Sevareid, a C.B.S. war correspondent, broadcast a forthright message on the war situation as he saw it from Allied Supreme Headquarters. He said that the German people have no individual or collective feeling of guilt regarding the war, nor any idea that they were the chief perpetrators of it. "Apparently the Nazi idea," Sevareid said, "is to start an underground terrorist movement to go on during Allied occupation." The Nazis hope that the Allied coalition will fall out, and then they will rise again, under another name, he said.

This same view has been expressed in a broadcast recently by C.B.C. correspondent Matthew H. Halton. Halton said that the Nazis are just as arrogant as ever. He said that they don't admit defeat. They won't even recognize they are beaten. Halton has rarely been so pessimistic. The allied occupation of Germany, the reconstruction of Germany, the re-training of Nazi youth, appear to the Pincher Creek correspondent as an almost hopeless task.

WE ARE impressed with the seriousness with which radio assumes its role in the modern world of politics and world relationships. Specifically, the instructions given by Paul White, director of special events for the C.B.S. to his broadcasters assigned to the San Francisco world security conference indicate that radio is growing up.

This is what Mr. White wrote to his staff:

"Your assignment in San Francisco carries with it tremendous responsibility.

"In the first full dress gathering of the United Nations, it is obvious that conflicts will develop. Those conflicts, of course, constitute news and must be reported. But it would be a misfortune, indeed a catastrophe, if in our coverage of the news these conflicts should be magnified out of all proportion to their seriousness.

"The important thing is that nations brought to unity by the war are meeting together as one step on the road to the goal of perpetual peace. We should never, in the stress of the moment, forget that. I ask earnestly that every C.B.S. broadcaster keep in mind the high stakes on the table at San Francisco. They may very well add up to the fate of mankind itself."

Canadian broadcasters who went to San Francisco, among them Willson Woodside, Elmer Philpott, Bob Bowman and Blair Fraser, were no doubt "briefed" on their duties before they went to the conference. But Canada is fortunate, as is the United States, that in the field of broadcasting commentary there is a group of men seized with the responsibility and great opportunity of their tasks. We know of none who would wittingly broadcast anything that would disrupt the delicate points of diplomatic contact on which the future security of the world now depends.

THINGS of note in the Canadian radio scene: The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. is sponsoring a new half hour show on Tuesdays at 8 beginning May 8, featuring Stanley St. John's 25-piece orchestra, a male quartet, a girl singer, and Gordon Sinclair telling stories on the science of rubber.

Roy Ward Dickson, conductor of the "Fun Parade" broadcast, took his show to Ottawa recently where 1100 people paid $1 each for a three-hour show of fun and nonsense. The proceeds were devoted to Kiwanis Work at the Rideau Military Hospital.

Listeners have been impressed with the series of dramas which the Buckingham Co. have presented every Wednesday night on "Curtain Time." While the original plan of using Canadian scripts did not materialize, owing to difficulties in obtaining scripts of high enough calibre, the scripts written by United States and British authors were of fine quality. One of Paul Gallico's, "Adventures of Hiram Holliday," was broadcast on a recent Wednesday night. Howard Milsom is the program director, Morris Surdin conducts the orchestra, Lorne Greene is the narrator, Herb May the announcer.

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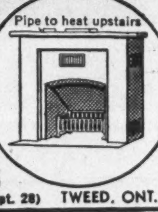

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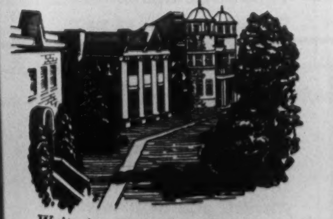

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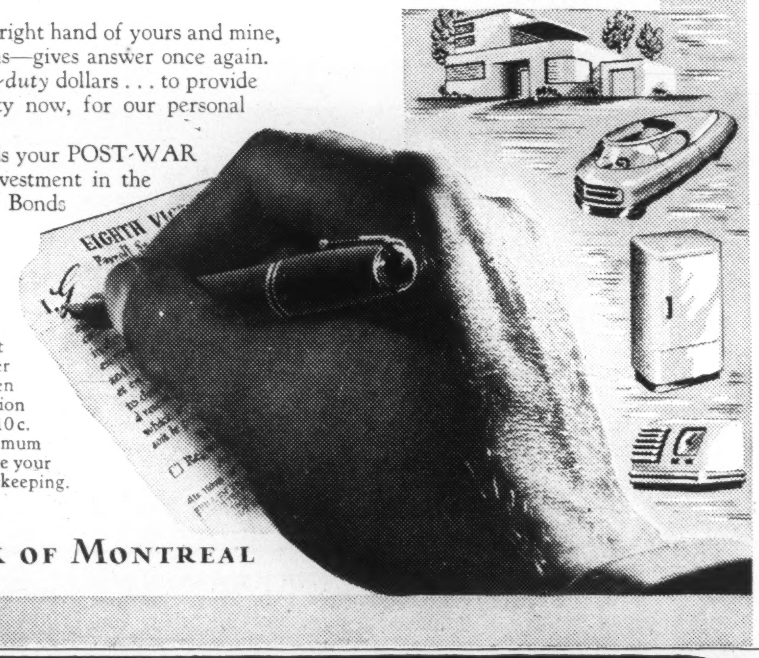

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It is seldom that any one becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A Vivid Testament of Anarchy by a Wearied Man of Talent

THE POWER HOUSE, a novel, by Alex. Comfort. (Macmillans, $3.25.)

FOUGUEUX, a young Breton, is in charge of the great engine of a textile factory near the seacoast in Northern France. He is heavy and dull in spirit, despite his expert knowledge. All his alertness of ear and eye is for *La Virginie*, the engine, so called because of the place of its building, Belleville, Virginia. And, by a slow-witted conception, which rather is a feeling, he looks upon the thundering machine as a virgin, a tireless beauty, subject to himself alone, but not without ruthlessness. For a workman in the mill, becoming momentarily careless, is whipped up by a belt slammed into the ceiling and dropped to the floor, a lifeless heap of red rags. A resolute lady, *La Virginie,* who will not suffer fools!

So long as Fougueux is at work he feels wise and useful. But abroad he knows himself to be stupid. He is also ashamed, for he imagines himself to be physically impotent, and does not even speak to the girl he longs for. Meanwhile he lives in a sea-fog crawling among the cheap slums, in a place of darkness pierced every two minutes by the passing glare of a lighthouse-beam, a place of drear winds and threshing rains beating on the thin garments of the poor factory people whose only hope is in work, but who may be idle at the whim of superintendents, owners and other distant and unfeeling persons of power. Plainly, an allegory of mankind as a slave-state dominated by a new Frankenstein; the machine.

The scene changes to a military barracks by a coast-gun position, a place of unutterable boredom where thinking ends, even for the young officers caught up in the net. And then comes the news that nobody believes; the coming of the Germans; Belgium overrun, Sedan lost, Paris endangered. Orders come for retirement. Battles flare and go out. Retreat deteriorates into "everyone for himself," until privates and officers alike find themselves in little helpless groups, burying their uniforms, stealing civilian rags, and melting into the crowds of refugees, unknown and unknowable. In one of these groups are the two young officers, also Fougueux, and Loubain, his ultra-patriotic friend.

In Paris two are ultimately snatched out of the Underground movement and executed. One is released by a German Captain who also has been asking questions of himself about military glory, duty, obedience, and general insanity. This officer and Fougueux, after adventures, at last find themselves back in Brittany at the old factory and *La Virginie*, to be smashed by British bombs.

The whole book is a Testament of Anarchy. Here is a typical extract. "When Valtin said that most men are insane he was being cynical, but I'm discovering that it is precisely true. . . We must learn disobedience."

As a theme it is certainly not new, but seldom before has it been stated with such power and intensity. For Alex Comfort is a writer of extraordinary vigor who makes photographs out of words. His assembly of usually unregarded detail to make a vivid and moving ensemble is unique among modern writers. Take this fragment of description, "Under *La Virginie's* flank a tangle of small rods rocked slowly touching the wicks of the oilers and picking up a gold drop at each journey. The main crank was an enormous shadow in the interior of the machine, giving a lion-like grunt at the bottom of every stroke."

This is but a glimpse at the range of the author's vision. The infinitely small is merged with the infinitely big—such as the sky—to make authentic backgrounds against which living characters play their grim parts in harmony with them. The Power House is not a grateful book to read, but it surely is a rewarding one, even to those of us who deny with heat its charnelhouse theme and its hopeless philosophy.

Adventure in Reading

VISIONS AND MEMORIES, by H. W. Nevinson. (Oxford, $3.25.)

WAR correspondent, shut up in Ladysmith, eating a pound of horsemeat a day; or climbing over Greek mountains to get sight of the advancing Turks and the retreating refugees! At the same time a man of learning thrilled to discover in this ancient village, or that enclosed bay, the scene of remembered cadences from the Greek Anthology! And in peacetime creating small wars of his own against stupidities in little or in large, espousing lost causes which strangely enough soon found themselves! These were phases in the life of H. W. Nevinson, poet, essayist, editor and *enfant prodigue* in the mellow environment of literary London.

Oddly enough, in his time he was counted more as a man of action than as a scholar or even as a literary stylist. But eminent Englishmen often have divided personalities, equally at home in a business office, at the race-track, or at a convocation of notables at Oxford.

Here is a collection of Nevinson's most notable essays and poems.

New England by Proxy

COACHING ROADS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND by George Francis Marlowe. (Macmillans, $4.50.)

NOW that gasoline is scarce this book is provocative of something; probably bad temper. For motorists have always been intending to drive from Boston to New York, when they could get time. New England is lush in attractions for bookish people, especially historians.

Mr. Marlowe follows five ancient post-roads, pauses at most of the inns, in a temperate manner, digs up local stories and makes lead-pencil drawings of superior quality to illustrate them. Some day perhaps, after the war—but in the meantime the travelling can be done by proxy before a grate-fire.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1.

PRESIDENT'S AWARD WINNER

President A. N. Mitchell of the Canada Life Assurance Company is shown presenting the "President's Award" to the winner, Manager Graham A. Walter of Toronto Osgoode Branch. This Award is based on factors reflecting every important phase of efficiency in branch management and is the highest honor which can be earned by a Canada Life Manager.

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THE BOOKSHELF

The Anti-Nazi Radio Broadcasts of a Great American Poet

WE STAND UNITED and Other Radio Scripts, by Stephen Vincent Benét. (Oxford, $3.00.)

FOR the last few months before his untimely death the author of "John Brown's Body", "Western Star" and other fiery poems on the making of the United States turned to the radio to "get off his chest" some of the stifling anger that Fascism and Hitlerism induced and at the same time to inform his own countrymen of the perils lying just around the corner.

In the introduction to this series of plays Mr. Benét wrote: "We cannot afford the creeping paralysis that destroys the effective will of democracy—the paralysis carried by hate and rancor, between class and class, person and person, party and party, as plague is carried through the streets of a town. For this paralysis of will, this sit-down strike of the mind, has attacked and ravaged other nations. We cannot afford to let that happen here. . . . Democracy is not merely a privilege to be enjoyed, it is a trust to keep and maintain."

Under the general title of "Dear Adolf" here are six letters by imaginary Americans telling Hitler what they think of him. Vigorous is the word for every one; vigorous, but tender and moving, as they speak of this freedom.

Then too in this volume is the red-hot poem "The Burning of the Books" and also "The Undefended Border" which will cheer every Canadian.

"We built a house for freedom here, and free it shall remain
We built it out of northern pine and Manitoba grain,
We built it with our hearts and lives from Puget Sound to Maine.

"Dominion, Republic, we have faith in the people. And we'll keep that faith for the years and the children yet to be."

It has always seemed to be a pity that a radio play is written for only one performance; after that to be tossed away. To collect the fine ones in a book is a worthy deed.

•

How Canada is Free

CANADIAN DEMOCRACY, by Geo. W. Brown. (Dents, 60c.)

MENTAL cloudiness about the principles and practice of government in Canada may be found in all classes of citizens; not excluding the rich and influential. What, for example, is the distinction between Common and Statute Law? In what way is the Common Law an aid to freedom? What is the genius of Federalism? One could continue this catechism with the expectation that the answers generally in town and country would have an indefinite, if not a lame quality.

This little book is intended for the young, but no one is too old to find it informative and at least interesting. For the experiment of Canadian Confederation followed a new pattern; neither wholly British or wholly American and the experimentation is not yet finished. The continuation of democracy depends on an informed body of citizens.

•

A Controversial Book

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS, by W. L. White. (McLeod, $3.25.)

NOT many reporters are as able and alert as W. L. White. He was practically born in a printing office and his good father, William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, certainly brought him up in the way he should go. If he sees accurately all the little, unregarded things that together make up a big thing, if he tells precisely what he has seen and draws conclusions without bias or personal feelings, perhaps parental advice and example have something to do with it.

He went to Russia in company with Eric Johnston, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, but not as an official member of the party. He was under no restrictions, diplomatic or otherwise. He was a reporter on the loose looking at Russia from end to end, marking and setting down oddities as they appeared to an American accustomed to free thought, free speech and free wheeling all over the map.

He saw much to admire and much that rubbed him on the raw. Of course he knew that Russia was not a democracy but a one Party government looking far ahead towards ultimate freedom, and generally benevolent towards the people now under training for a great future. But he wondered at the persistent supervision, at the unwillingness of men and women to talk without advice, or to learn of foreign countries and foreign ways.

He found the atmosphere that of a well-run penitentiary, considerate of the inmates, who had a passionate loyalty to the institution, for lack of a wider liberty. The Russian Government didn't like the analogy and protested against the book. Most of the regular news men with Moscow experience supplemented the protest with a round-robin condemnation.

And yet the very fact that a criticism of the State stirred up trouble is in a sense a confirmation of Mr. White's views. Anybody, in France, for example, can write a book critical of the United States or of Great Britain, without disturbing either the President or the Prime Minister.

After all Mr. White was writing for farmers in Kansas, business men in New York, school teachers in Ohio, and all the ordinary people of the great Republic, getting the facts and writing them as they appeared to him. If he showed lapses of taste in remarking on the poor clothing of the people who had given up everything for the needs of the Army, that, to our notion, is a minor criticism. For it's a good sympathetic book, enlivening in humor and well-written.

•

Oppositionist

JOHN BRACKEN SAYS, a Collection of Speeches by the Progressive Conservative Leader. (Oxford, 35c.)

WITH a General Election just over the hill this booklet of 134 pages should be welcomed in all parts of the country. For Mr. Bracken is a personality who has not been in the least concerned about the many criticisms that have been showered upon him by Liberals and other naturally hostile persons. If he stayed out of Parliament he had solid reasons. Thus he was free to travel from end to end of the country, to present himself before all classes, not as a dictator but as an inquirer.

The range of his policy as here presented is anything but reactionary. The reforms he proposes are not bribes, and he says the same things in all parts of the country. The speeches are well-built, the ideas clearly expressed without ornament. They can be read with profit even by those who disagree.

•

Rolling Down to Rio

BRAZIL, Giant to the South, by Alice Rogers Hager, with photographs by Jackie Martin. (Macmillans, $2.25.)

THIS is an alluring picture-book of eighty pages, large quarto but it is infinitely more. Miss Martin's photographs, brilliant in quality, are designed to illuminate the fine description of how the people live, in city, in country-land and even in jungle, the manner of their work and play and temperament. Most useful for readers who like to get acquainted with the neighbors.

Just Out!

"CANADIAN DEMOCRACY IN ACTION"

An Important Little Book For All Canadians

By George W. Brown
Professor of History, University of Toronto

CANADIAN DEMOCRACY IN ACTION describes the inner workings of our Dominion, Provincial and Municipal Governments, tells how they function and the reasons behind their various procedures. The book is purely informative, and has no political axe to grind. But with elections in the offing, Canadians should find it helpful in understanding some of the issues involved. Price only 60 cents.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Say Something Nice About Me and I'll Say Something About You

By DORA SANDERS CARNEY

MRS. HUMPHREY is always on the alert for advice and suggestions on child-training, although sometimes when she tries them they don't work out as they are supposed to.

Somebody somewhere wrote that children could be cured of quarrelling if they were set to listing each other's better qualities. Mrs. Humphrey thought this a splendid idea.

She told the girls about it as they were doing the breakfast dishes and jibbing at each other with down-turned mouths in the habit they seemed to have acquired lately. The girls also thought it would be fun to think of each other's good qualities, for a change.

"I tell you what," said Patsy, who, being nine and the elder, was wielding the dishmop. "Let's make it a game and play it now. First Norah will say something nice about me, and then I'll say something nice about her, and then her about me, and then me about she, and so on!"

Norah was smiling her own special smile, with the corners of her mouth and eyes tip-tilted. She put her head on one side and smiled also at her mother.

"Then I think," she inserted, "that we ought to say something nice about Mother."

"Oh, yes," agreed Patsy impatiently, "that'll be easy. She's beautiful and she's kind and she's always doing things for other people and she never thinks about herself, now come on Norah, say something nice about me!"

Norah, who is seven, smiled still more, while Patsy dangled the dishmop in the soap suds, shining eyes fixed on Norah in eager anticipation.

"I'm trying to think of something *very* nice," said Norah. "Oh, I know! Pat shares!"

Mother nodded approvingly, and Patsy let out her breath in a small gasp of satisfaction.

"Now me!" begged Norah.

"Yes, I know," said Patsy, swishing the dishmop idly back and forth. "Now, just let me think. This is going to be hard."

Norah was pushing the dishtowel round and round a plate, and looking up at her sister like a kitten waiting for a tidbit. "I know something," she offered, "I could suggest something."

"No," said Patsy, "that wouldn't be fair. *I've* got to think of something nice about you, and really, Norah, I'm sorry to say that I can't think of anything!"

"Don't be so nasty," said Mrs. Humphrey, "and for goodness sake get on with the dishes. This game isn't intended to stop you from working."

Quid Pro Quo

"I just have to think so hard," Patsy explained, as she reached for the toast plate and immersed it in the suds. Her voice was kind and patronizing. "I expect there is something nice to say about you, Norah, dear, if I can only think of it, but you see I want it to be truthful. I wouldn't like to tell a lie!"

Norah's Irish began to rise. "I think you're mean. I can think of lots of nice things about myself, and I didn't take a long time to think about you. If you are not quick I'll tell you something nice about me, and it'll be true, too."

Patsy was musing aloud. "I can't exactly say you are generous, because you know you're not."

"Yes, I am too," retorted Norah. "I gave you half my powder yesterday, didn't I? And I let you use my roodge, didn't I?"

"Only because you had to, Norah," Patsy replied with patient dignity.

Mrs. Humphrey's eyes widened. "Powder?" she asked. "Rouge?"

"It was left over in those little boxes Mrs. Agnew gave me," explained Norah. "And I gave half my powder to Pat, and I didn't have to, either, and she put on an awful lot of my roodge, and then she washed it off because she didn't want you to see it. There!" She made a face at Patsy.

"Girls!" Mrs. Humphrey's voice was sharp. "The lady who wrote about this said it was a good way to stop children quarrelling, but you are just making it a new way to quarrel. Come, Pat, stop teasing, and say something nice about Norah."

"Well," Patsy yielded graciously, "I think she is very pretty. There, Norah, I really think that. You're very, very pretty." She smiled expansively at Norah who, completely mollified, beamed back at her.

"Now come," Patsy commanded in her best elder-sister manner. "Your turn, Norah. Say something nice about me!"

Norah's smile vanished. She stared at Patsy for a moment, completely dumbfounded. Mrs. Humphrey interpolated slyly, "This *is* hard."

Lovely Character

"I know! You—you try to teach people!" Norah looked pleased with herself, and added in an aside to her mother, "That's not saying she's bossy!"

Patsy was pensively dangling the dish mop again.

"Really, Norah dear," she sighed, "I would like to think of something nice in your character, something rather noble, but—" She shook her head.

"I share," suggested Norah.

"No, you don't" said Patsy. "You know you made an awful fuss about the powder—" but Mrs. Humphrey interrupted.

"We've had all that. Hurry up, Patsy. Norah joins in fun and games nicely."

"I'm afraid I can't say that." Pat sounded most reluctant. "She's a very poor sport, though I hate to tell you, but she's always bawling and crying—"

"I am not, Pat!" shouted Norah. "I used to cry when I was a little girl, but not any more!"

"And I can't say you don't shout," Patsy continued with aggravating sweetness, "because you are just showing that you do, and of course I can't say you are tidy, because just look at our room any morning—"

"I do so hang up my clothes," declared Norah. "I hung up every clo' this morning!"

"Yes, but you don't always, and I can't say you work willingly, because you know you are quite lazy."

Norah gritted her teeth and spoke through them. "Oh, I'd like to do something to you! Oh, I think you are the meanest, horriblest, awfulest, worst thing I ever met!"

Patsy continued, quite unperturbed, "And you have a very bad habit of calling people names. I wish I could say that you don't tell tales, although you are getting better—but only a little better, not quite enough to mention."

Norah's lips began to quiver. "You are just saying all nasty things about me," she wailed, "and you are supposed to say nice ones!"

Magnanimous Compliment

"Oh, *I* know!" Patsy closed her lips with the satisified complacency of someone who has achieved something difficult after great labor. She squeezed out the dish mop and hung it on its place, and dumped the water into the sink. Norah watched her anxiously.

"All right, Pat," she urged. "Say it! Say it!"

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to his assistant more magnanimously than Patsy delivered her compliment to Norah.

"You play!" she announced. "You are very good at playing with the little ones and keeping them quiet."

Norah looked doubtful as she folded the dish towel. "I don't think I like that game," she said.

"I don't either," Mrs. Humphrey agreed. "The lady who wrote about it said it would stop children's squabbling, but somehow you children never react the way the psychologists and child-training experts say you will. Their ideas just don't work in this family."

Patsy was hanging up her apron. "I read that piece in the magazine, too," she said, "and the lady who wrote it said their mother always gave them a prize when they had finished saying nice things about each other. Don't you think we ought to have a prize, a lump of sugar or something? I should, anyhow. I thought of two nice things to say about Norah, although it was very difficult."

"Prize!" echoed Mrs. Humphrey, and she thought, "a spanking is what she ought to get!"

"Dearest, sweetest, most beautiful wonderful person in all the world," said Patsy, as she twined her arms around her mother's neck and rubbed her lips across her cheek. "Just give me a kiss. That's all the prize I want from you."

"Me, too," said Norah, as she flung her arms around the conglomerate mass that was her mother and sister.

"Come, Norah," said Pat, "I've thought of a wonderful new game to play with your doll Anne."

Somehow they disengaged themselves from their mother, twined their arms around each other, and went off down the hall, bumping each other with their hips and trying to trip each other with their feet. Mrs. Humphrey went on with her work in the kitchen, knowing by the queer sensation in her scalp that another grey hair had made its bewildered appearance.

"You Haven't Changed a Bit" Are Old Girls' Reunion Passwords

By RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

WE ARE "getting on." We know—because we've successfully attended two "old girls' reunions" recently.

Sooner or later, if you've been to school, you too will face the reunion milestone. How old you must be is anyone's guess. Symptoms of the disorder usually hit people about middle age. It is then one feels the urge to commune with one's childhood. Years and years and years in between are blotted out. A woman jumps from hearthstone or career right back into the third reader.

The first few years after graduation (or whatever you do in place of graduating) no one dreams of returning to dear old Alma Mater. Fifty years after it may be a problem of transportation or faculties, but *middle age*—that's the time! So "old girls'" dinners are usually packed with women who have just reached the stage where they can't quite make out the numbers in the telephone book.

Anyway, to be very personal as usual, we've taken in two such parties inside of two months so this is a bit of inside story. Our entire education was accumulated, without benefit of mathematics in the two schools represented. Therefore we'll never again experience just the sort of binge we've had this year. True, we may go on attending old girls' reunions until we become such an old girl our grandchildren forcibly keep us home but such reunions will be different. Never again will we experience the resounding mental smack when first we see in a comely matron the little girl who sat behind us in school sadistically dipping our braids in the ink-well. There she is, the naughty child—yet, there she isn't. All that promising childhood energy has been directed into good works and quite a family.

Perhaps you are not yet old enough to start going to old girls' dinners but come a day—you will be. You may be filled with fears even as I.

Fat Ones, Thin Ones

Our experience with school friends seems to be that people we remember perfectly have no recollection of us while, maddeningly, those recalling our every childhood gesture. we have no memory of at all. In fact, at one dinner, we found a woman we know very well and see often and discovered she went to school with us. My, were we both surprised!

Anyhow, we got over the first hurdle after the invitations arrived—acceptance—in both cases by arranging to meet an authentic playmate.

One dinner was held in a club; the other in the school but first greetings were the same; the kindly: "You haven't changed a bit!"

This entails quite a bit of prevarication on the part of everybody but everyone takes it in a "I'll do the same for you" spirit. In one case it was true. The woman had exactly her little girl face. Life had done nothing to it at all. Life had had her way with the rest of us though. Fat ones were fatter; thin women thinner; in a very few cases the incredible had materialized when a chubby girl of fourteen appeared streamlined or a skinny twelve-year-old comfortably upholstered.

At the dinner held in the Great Hall of the old school someone had brought a large photograph which she assured us would give us the key to our 'teen age personality if we examined it closely enough. The worst of it was we did and it did. There, in middy, bloomers and black stockings was your real self leering smugly or primly at you. Everyone stood on tiptoe, peering over shoulders, crying liltingly, "My dear, there you are! See—next to Gladys. Don't you remember when—?"

With the first strangeness wearing itself out a sort of warmth seems to spread itself over everyone at these nostalgic affairs. There's no sense to it but you'd be a monster if you didn't have a kinship with people with whom you skipped, learned to boil water at domestic science, swung Indian clubs on field day, played basketball or worried over exams.

You find yourself remembering all sorts of things—like Friday afternoons in the first book; everyone allowed to bring a teddy bear or doll and one little girl who brought her brother with the face of an angel and long fair curls. He was slated for high things and he made good. He is now just about Canada's top radio announcer.

Dear Teacher

Surprisingly enough, at both functions, the people who had changed least were women members of the staffs. Of course only those still alive, well enough or near enough to attend, accepted invitations but there they sat, devastatingly familiar. Time seemed to have only flicked a hand over their fine faces. One of these incredible women put into words a spirit giving charm and worth-whileness to such re-unions:

"Girls, you may remember that in your school days scholarship was not the most important part of your education although standards were high. Two things were stressed above all else by every member of the staff, Ethics and Good Manners. Equipped with these, we hoped, your lives would not be wholly unsuccessful."

In memory, appeared the long procession of women who taught in both schools. It was startling to realize she spoke for all.

Yes, reunions are good for the soul. And fun!

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Sift together: 1 cup flour, 1 tsp. Magic Baking Powder, ¼ tsp. salt

Stir in: 1 beaten egg, ¾ cup milk, 2 tbs. melted shortening

Grease skillet lightly. Make 6 large thin pancakes about 5 inches across. When brown on both sides, heap in centers a filling made of 1½ cups of chopped cooked pork moistened with 1 cup gravy or white sauce. Roll up, place on hot platter and pour remaining sauce over rolls.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Palmaison Violin Recital; Some New Musical Projects

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE splendidly gifted young violinist Pearl Palmaison, now for some time resident in Toronto is one of the gifts of the West to the East. She is of Canadian-Icelandic origin, and it must be remembered that Icelanders were among the earliest settlers of her native Manitoba. I believe that as a child she lived not only in Winnipeg but Edmonton. She has enjoyed training with two world-famous experts, Carl Flesch and Kathleen Parlow. Before the present war she had the honor of being invited to play before the very ancient parliament of Iceland. At her place among the first violins of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, it is always a delight to me to watch her bowing; it is so graceful, thorough and distinguished in style.

With so fine a bowing arm it is natural that she should produce a large and beautiful tone, and her skill in all technical devices for the left hand is always apparent. Above and beyond her facility with the tools of her trade is the profound musical individuality which gives significance to her interpretations. This was what made her recital at Eaton Auditorium last week so interesting. In three of the four celebrated works played, the pianist was almost of equal importance. One hears Leo Barkin so often as accompanist that one is prone to overlook the breadth, intellectual power and musical beauty of the support he invariably provides. These qualities were manifest in his cooperation with Miss Palmaison.

A number of importance to all interested in the better order of modern music, the violinist has made her own. It is the Sonata in F major by Paul Hindemith; which she had previously played on special Hindemith programs in 1943 and the present spring. As I have mentioned in the past, Hindemith's musical philosophy is the reverse of "high brow." The notable factors in this Sonata are simplicity and sincerity. The work has a firm structure, though like much of Chopin's music (for instance) it gives the effect of tranquil improvisation. Like most moderns Hindemith is not afraid of dissonances but they are used in a refined and distinguished manner.

Sibelius Violin Concerto

A major offering, since it demands not only virtuosic powers but mastery of fresh, individual idioms, was the Sibelius Violin Concerto, which the Finnish composer composed in 1903 and revised in 1905. It was long neglected and Albert Spalding relates that when he first met Sibelius about 35 years ago and had to confess his ignorance of it, the latter intimated that this was because it was difficult. Neglect ceased within recent years when Heifetz revived it, and able renderings have become frequent. It is said that Beethoven was Sibelius' ideal for works of this class; but the first and third movements are strongly and even turgidly individual. The intervening slow movement, a gravely beautiful Adagio, does betray classic influence. This, to my way of thinking, is no detriment. The accusation has been made that it is overlong but nobody listening to Miss Palmaison found it so. In truth in the grave and haunting conclusion her intonation was noble and glorious. The final movement with its folk dance qualities (though the composer has always denied use of folk themes) is undeniably brilliant and both the soloist and Mr. Barkin made it stirring. The latter in a transcription of the orchestral part was truly orchestral.

Another work in which the two artists cooperated was Camille Saint-Saens' "Introduction and Capriccioso". I never cared much for "Sanson et Dalila" but I think that as time goes on, posterity will accord to the instrumental works of the composer a higher place than was given them outside France, during his lifetime. At a time when composers everywhere were hypnotized by the grandiose concepts of Wagner, he stood sturdily for Mozart whom he said grew greater and greater in his eyes as the years increased. Few composers have possessed so complete a grasp of the inherent qualities of every instrument. As one listens to the fluent rhythms and sparkling melodies of the "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" one feels that the writing is precisely right for both instruments. Sant Saens was himself a pianist who could play with grace and fluency almost up to the time of his death (in 1921) at the age of 86; but he holds the balance fair between piano and violin. One could not have asked a cleaner or more enthusiastic rendering.

The really profound quality of Miss Palmaison's musicianship was revealed in the Bach "Chaconne" for violin alone. Originally it was the last movement of a Suite in D major and described by him as "Partita, No. 2." In the early 18th century the terms Passacaglia and Chaconne were practically interchangeable and Bach gave eternal distinction to both terms. I do not recall how many times I have heard the "Chaconne"; and an uninspired fiddler can make it extremely labored and tedious. I remember listening to such a rendering with the late E. R. Parkhurst, who knew the whole classic literature of the violin. Irritably he said "Why do not these fellows use the beautiful accompaniment Mendelssohn wrote for the 'Chaconne'. That would help them to get along with it." Miss Palmaison played its emotional details with such profound poetic quality and such technical authority that an accompaniment even by Mendelssohn would have seemed superfluous.

The Pirani Trio

An announcement of unique importance concerns the revival in Canada of the Pirani Trio which ten years ago was one of the most distinguished chamber organizations in London, and introduced many new works by modern composers to English listeners. It consists of Leila Pirani, violinist; Max Pirani, pianist; and Boris Hambourg, 'cellist. In London the 'cellist of the ensemble was Charles Hambourg, a first cousin of Boris. Since the outbreak of war Mr. and Mrs. Pirani, both originally Australians, have resided in Canada, first at Vancouver and latterly at London, Ont. where they are associated with the Musical Faculty of the University of Western Ontario. Despite his comparatively short residence in Canada, Mr. Pirani in his capacity as adjudicator has won national fame. His rare quality as an ensemble pianist was revealed to Toronto in an appearance with the Hart House Quartet last autumn. Years ago he was associated with Mischa Elman and Leopold Auer in tours of America. His early training was in London but that of Mrs. Pirani was in Vienna, where she made her debut in an orchestral concert conducted by Bruno Walter, and later toured in many countries, in which her beautiful tone and technical accomplishment was acclaimed by critics. The attainments of Boris Hambourg as an ensemble artist during over 20 years association with the Hart House Quartet are too well known to need comment.

Another announcement of importance is the establishment of a "Music Teachers' College" in affiliation with the University of Western Ontario, which has been authorized by the Ontario Department of Education to confer on graduates the diploma "Mus. G (Paed)". The curriculum will cover the theory and practice of music teaching, history, harmony, counterpoint, musical form, ear-training, languages and psychology. The course will include three terms but students already possessing teaching diplomas from a recognized body will be given credit for one term.

The "New Toronto Girls Choir" has been travelling far afield this spring. Under the direction of its founder, Earl Terry, it has sung in Fredericton, St. John, Moncton, Sackville and Halifax, with concerts to service men elsewhere. In these maritime centres it has been praised for its tone quality and finesse. The organization has been singing for six years with very few changes in personnel, and has appeared in Toronto with the Casavant Society.

THE THEATRE

A Notable "Hamlet" Smoothly Staged

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE current "Hamlet," with Tom Rutherfurd at the Royal Alexandra Theatre is a very handsome production, smoothly and ingeniously staged. On opening night it was competently and vigorously performed and the costuming, particularly of the principals, was a great pleasure to the eye. But it wasn't very interesting Shakespeare. It was a fine piece of costume drama plus sustained elocution, but the fierce vitality of a great poetic tragedy never seemed to emerge.

There was mockery and diabolic wit as well as melancholy and desperation in the great Dane, and Tom Rutherfurd's performance as Hamlet revealed only the desperation and melancholy. And whereas the Shakespearean Queen of Denmark was regal and passionate and in the end distracted Lily Cahill's Queen Gertrude was all regality and posture, a fine figure of a woman suitably composed up to the very moment when she toppled dead from the throne. George Somnes' King Claudius was sonorous and composed, a dignified but unexciting figure in spite of his brilliant scarlet wig. Richard Temple played his Polonius shrewdly for laughs, and got them. But Katharine Bard's Ophelia was a touching and lovely figure and her performance in the difficult mad scene was extraordinarily vivid without any sacrifice of poignancy.

By the use of a recessed stage within the stage the play achieved unusual fluidity of action without curtain waits. The sets, traditionally bare, were relieved only by tall silk standards which were carried off and on the stage, a decorative and practical device to mark the change of scene.

Ralph Stone, conductor-composer, musical director for "The Merry Widow" coming to the Royal Alexandra Theatre for the week of May 7.

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THE FILM PARADE

A Good Rowdy Murder Mystery For Detective Film Addicts

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

FOR reasons that must remain a secret between itself and its maker "Farewell My Lovely" has been retitled "Murder My Sweet," but it's a pretty good murder mystery under any title. The screen version of the Raymond Chandler thriller reaches for the tough and shoddy energy of the original and for once doesn't overreach. Its surface realism, particularly in its shabbier sequences, could hardly be more convincing. In fact the degraded looking terrycloth bathrobe worn by Esther Howard in one scene looked so exactly like one I contributed to a basement rummage sale some years ago that I could easily believe the original had somehow found its way to Hollywood.

"Murder My Sweet" includes among its cast of unregenerates a moronic ex-wrestler (Mike Mazurki), a nymphomaniac murderess (Claire Trevor), her aged and suicidal millionaire husband (Miles Mander), and a pair of smooth and nasty thugs (Otto Kruger and Ralf Harolde) who work on their victims with a combination of drugs and psychoanalysis. These repugnant people are all involved in the disappearance and recovery of a hundred-thousand-dollar jade necklace, but I can't give a very clear account of what they were all up to. Most of them appeared to be working along on the theory that viciousness is its own reward. Th plot even when it does come to light doesn't seem very sensible but the picture's sharp casting, shrewd production and reckless slambang tempo make it very stimulating entertainment.

Dick Powell plays the shabby private detective and plays it amazingly well. The vaguely unlikable quality in Crooner Powell that handicapped him as a romantic hero is all to his advantage in a tough role. The picture also contains a drug-dream-sequence—a webbed and circling nightmare — that really suggests, at any rate to anyone who hasn't got beyond the aspirin stage of experimentation, the dreamy horror of emergence from cocaine. There's a good deal of camera-virtuosity in "Murder My Sweet" but since the director is chiefly concerned with his rowdies and their obscure but violent motivation he doesn't let the camera get in the way of the action.

"Pan-Americana" is Hollywood's latest genial contribution of hemispheric misunderstanding. It's about the staff of a U.S. picture magazine who, having nothing better to do, set out on a South American beauty contest tour. Specialty numbers include the performance of a boneless female dancer who impersonates a boa-constrictor; impressive but horrid. There is some sort of love story, with running commentary by Eve Arden who is very well dressed and has a superlative command of the American wisecrack. Robert Benchley, also a magazine staff member, drowses a good deal through the picture, but whether this was part of the script or just Mr. Benchley's private commentary on it it's hard to say.

A Thick Plot

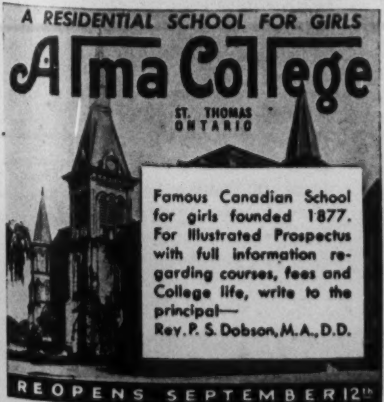
"Hotel Berlin" is Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel" set to current ideology, or at any rate the ideology that was still current as long as two weeks ago. Its cast includes a George Coulouris Nazi villain (George Coulouris), a female informer (Faye Emerson) whose tips don't even rate a pair of new shoes from the Party; an old-line general (Raymond Massey) badly involved in last summer's assassination plot against Hitler; an actress (Andrea King) who tries to unload herself on a falling market and gets caught on margin; a group of assorted anti-Nazis including Helmut Dantine and Peter Lorre. The Vicki Baum, or close-quarters, formula is supposed to intensify the drama but it can just as easily turn it turgid: at any rate it does here. The plot thickens and thickens till you could almost stand a spoon upright in it. The best plots, as Hollywood should know by this time, are just thick enough for consistency and just thin enough to pour.

It was unfortunate for "Hotel Berlin" of course that it should come along during a week when the papers could hardly find front-page space for the report of Il Duce's execution. Topicality these days is such a tough racket that even the newsreels can hardly keep up with it.

The atrocity pictures from the German concentration camps were heart-shaking beyond any of the revelations released in the daily press. Some people shut their eyes unable to bear the sight, some watched, too fascinated by the horror to drag their eyes away. The wisdom of showing such pictures indiscriminately to wide audiences is open to question, particularly where the audiences may include children. They may rouse one to the full feeling of horror against the Nazi regime; but their final tendency is to deaden the public not only to horror but to feeling itself.

At beautiful Wickhurst Manor, situated in one of the loveliest parts of Kent, these little tots, all of whom survived the heavy blitzes, are now enjoying life to the full, under the care of "The Save the Children Fund," to which Canadians have very generously contributed.

Anna Kaskas, contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera, guest artist at the opening concert of the Promenade Symphony, Varsity Arena, May 10.



THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Psychoanalysis Brings Clearer Understanding of the Child

By MIRIAM CHAPIN

IF YOU ask a primary-school teacher what influence Freud has on her work, she will probably say promptly "None whatever", or stare at you and say "Don't you mean Froebel, the kindergarten man?" Yet Freud's influence on the training of our children is the most far-reaching of any in our time. Before his death four years ago, he had seen the whole physical and mental upbringing of children revolutionized—physically by the discovery of vitamins and mentally by the new importance his doctrines gave the early years.

A hundred years ago, if a baby got rickets, he got rickets. He could grow up pigeon-chested and knock-kneed, and nobody dreamed of giving him cod liver oil and orange juice. In the same way, he could grow up with mental rickets, and nobody did anything about that either.

Of course Freud with his psychology of dreams and complexes was not by any means wholly responsible for the change. But his ideas, gradually working their way through our thinking, have made the greatest difference. Obviously, if the things that happen to a child even before he is two can be the contributing cause of his failure to adapt himself under the strain of adult life, to work for a living, to make a happy marriage, then those factors in infancy and childhood are far more important than we ever thought.

At the beginning of the 20th century, Sigmund Freud was working in Vienna with men and women who came to his consulting room for help. There he wrote the books on psychoanalysis that mark a new attitude to what goes on in our brains, whether they are sick or well. He was attacked for obscenity because of his emphasis on sex, he was scoffed at and contradicted. As happens with all great scientific discoveries, his theories have been modified by later workers, and have gradually sifted down into the common body of knowledge.

Lady in the Dark

Some of the terms he invented have now become part of our ordinary speech. Everybody has at least a general idea of what is meant by neurotic, and the difference between neurosis and insanity. Mothers prattle gaily about sending Jimmie away to school, because "he seems to be getting a mother complex." Most of us have some friend who has been psychoanalyzed "And my dear, the things he recalled about his father! I always thought he was a horrid old thing, but really—!" At any bridge-table, a woman who mentions a funny dream she had, risks having it explained to her at length, how it means she really wants to kill her husband, or something equally cheerful.

To be sure, these amateur interpretations would make a practising psychiatrist's hair stand on end with horror and dissent. But the point is that among people who claim any degree of education, a dream is no longer regarded as a portent of future happenings, or a supernatural visitant. It is taken as the product of a normal mind, releasing in sleep some fear or wish that is choked down in waking life.

When we remember how fifty or a hundred years ago dreams were either regarded as nonsense, or else treated with superstitious awe, we can gauge how great an area of the human mind has been brought within the scope of science. Even if we can't control our dreams, we no longer are terrified of them because we think they predict a future event, though we may well be frightened by what they reveal to us about ourselves.

One of the foundation teachings of the psychoanalytic method which Freud discovered and Jung and Adler developed is the importance of childhood experiences in later life. The technique for curing a patient was to help him, in quietness, to think backward into his forgotten infancy, to drag up some evil or frightening experience he had had, and by making him face it as an adult, remove that particular anxiety from his mind. "Lady in the Dark", in both play and spectacular movie, dramatized the process. Because the heroine had adored her father—as most little girls do—and been shocked by a certain incident she was supposed when she recognized this past emotion to be able at once to solve her problems in choosing a husband at her present stage of young womanhood. Of course it was oversimplified, but one cannot ask too much of technicolor.

Of late however, the work of American psychiatrists denies that a childhood shock necessarily makes a neurotic adult. It would be sad indeed if such were the unavoidable result, for few of us have escaped some youthful mishap. The most modern findings dictate that if a man can be brought by more superficial means to function normally, to take his place in the world, there is no sense to digging up lost memories. If he is oppressed by unreasonable anxieties, vaguely unhappy, irritable, the first thing to do is to search for some unrecognized factor in his present situation which makes him that way. Then it will be time to ask what has caused the weakness that prevents him from meeting the demand on him, and to look in his childhood for the clue.

It is terrifying to think what will be the mental condition of the children in Europe who have endured the Nazi terror, and will live to remember it. They will need the most careful training and guidance lest they do grow up neurotics. The Nazis themselves have been all too good psychologists, if by that one understands a knowledge of how minds can be conditioned (another term that has lodged in our vocabulary). Those eighteen-year-old storm troopers who have been dying on German soil and killing our men before they die, have been hardened to brutality for twelve years.

They are almost surely incurable neurotics, for the trait most conspicuous in the neurotic personality is inability to love anyone, to get outside oneself and feel sympathy and affection for others. Hitler has used all the techniques of psychology to ruin the boys and girls of Germany. That is no reason why we cannot use them to give ours happier lives.

Some of the effects of the new knowledge have been to make us realize that the greatest need of the child is a sense of security—which does not mean at all that he must always have his own way—and that children are conscious of sex far younger than we had suspected, even though not in an adult way. Children build up defenses against whatever troubles them. It may be against a too indulgent, possessive parent, as well as against a cruel and arbitrary one.

A child who lacks love at home may steal, or commit other misdemeanors, in order to make himself feel that he is important to someone. Nervous tics may be due to some mental strain, some inability to get along with others. The only child now gets extra attention in order to teach him to get along with others. The whole relationship between parents and children has been altered by the new understanding of its bases.

Not all the widespread information about the new psychology has been a blessing. Sometimes the young mother who most learnedly discusses her theories has a brat who is the scourge of the neighborhood. But on the whole, the notions which have seeped through our society have helped us to see children as they are, to do away with cruel punishments in school and home, to make us more understanding. Probably the greatest good which psychoanalysis can bestow on us is to help us bring up our children so they will never need it.

FIFTH COLUMNIST

SHE did not talk of isms to me,
Nor carry poison, nor T.N.T.,
But she crossed her legs, dear only knows,
So I'd see her gossamer nylon hose!

MARY L. AKSIM

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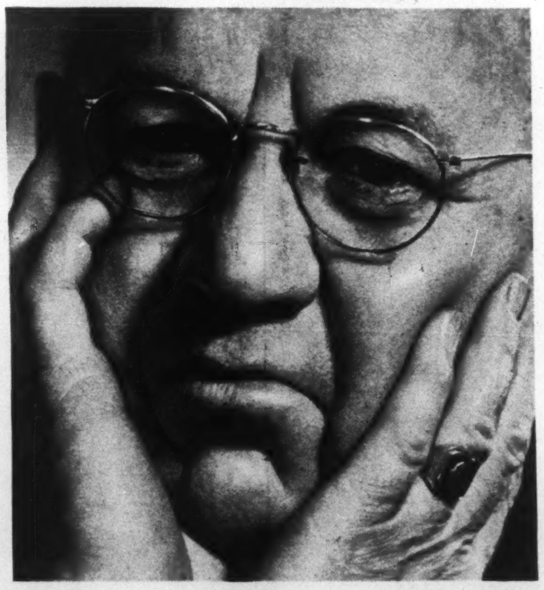

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7B

White-Winged Treasures and the Sixties' Art of Invective

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

SOMETHING may be said for the theory that as time goes on we have become milder in our personal relations. The art of invective, we are often told, has seriously declined and sermons are undoubtedly less fiery than they were. Though we have learned to destroy our enemies with greater ferocity than ever before, we have become more restrained in everyday dealings with our acquaintances. Storekeepers and other businessmen have elaborated a new art of courtesy and deference to the ordinary customer who, in no other period, was always right.

Even the aspiring author (and when is an author not aspiring?) has come in for a share of this modern politeness as he will realize by recalling his rejection slips in their surprising variety—the distant, the breezy, the sympathetic, the businesslike or the playful. Rejected he may be but the deed is gently, even tenderly, done, with privacy and some geniality.

In the hearty sixties, in the great days of *Godey's Lady's Book*, no such delicacy was considered necessary. The author received not only his rejection but a smart slap in full public view. For the rejection slip did not yet exist and titles of stories and poems accepted and refused were briskly listed in the pages of the magazine, with parenthetical comments. In these comments one feels the bite of the editress, Mrs. Hale's, own pen, as one feels it in every editorial line. First came the flowers. "These articles are accepted, 'My Friends Out West', 'The Dawn of Hope', 'Weehawken Heights', 'A Wreath for Belle's Album', 'The Cheering Voice' (the name shall be amended)."

Then came the poison ivy, with parentheses of abandoned frankness, led off by a few conciliatory lines. "Our contributors show such warm friendship for the *Lady's Book* that we feel sure those who do not succeed as writers will be amongst our constant readers. The good time will come. These articles are declined. 'Lines on Leaving Home' (well written, but we had a poem that was better on the same subject, 'The Death of a Child' (we have too much copy on hand), 'Sentiment versus Sensibility' (a singular production), 'Spring' (too late for the May number), 'She was Laid in the Vault' (too long), 'Ella: She Died of Love'."

Twisting the Knife

No printed rejection slip could twist the screw as effectively as this—"The following are declined; yet, if we had place, there are some we should like to publish, and one of these is—'I'm Sitting on the Shore, Love'.

"Some of these are well written but without any great excellence; we have room only for the best. 'The Moonlit Sea' (we do not insert poems that have been sent to other journals), 'These Forests of Pine' (we like many lines and thoughts in this poem, but it is too long—we have not room; the writer can do better), 'To Isabel' (we are fully supplied), 'Will Wild' (too long, we have not time for comments, the poem has been returned), 'Fashion's Votaries' (would do well for a comic newspaper). Other articles are on hand which will be attended to."

There was no pampering of amateur writers for then as now they were too likely to bite the patting hand by sending in more manuscripts. "We have several other mss. on hand, written with pale ink and in such illegibile scribble, that we have not time to decipher them." . . . "We have a large quantity of declined mss. on hand, to the writers of which we have written to send stamps and they would be returned. Upon a moderate calculation, as we have not time to count them, we should suppose there are about 400. We now give notice that if said mss. are not applied for before the first of March, they will be destroyed." . . . "Frequently poetry is sent us in letters ordering the *Lady's Book*, commenced on the back of the business page. We have not time to copy it, and therefore it is filed away with business letters and no notice taken of it." . . . "We cannot send the *Lady's Book* in exchange for poetry. We have abundance of the latter on hand."

Ten Dollars a Day

The editor was forthright also, in the matter of postage. "Letters from the British provinces, when the postage is unpaid, we do not take from the post-office. Several have been received lately, and we presume they have been sent to the dead letter department."

Answers and advice to inquirers had an uninhibited, not to say belligerent, tone. "T.S.B.—We gave notice in our February and March numbers that all mss. unclaimed on the first of March would be destroyed, and we presume that yours met that fate. We keep mss. forever."

"Emma. T.—We cannot condemn him. You don't know the trials of editors, and how many foolish communications they receive."

"A Subscriber—We certainly will not read the manuscript. Now, what a request. To read a manuscript for a book would take several days. Our time is worth ten dollars a day at least."

"W. S.—There is no truth in the story of a million of cancelled post-office stamps entitling a person to a reward."

Brooding over the reasons for "this great desire to rush into print", the editor bitterly suggests, "Some write to please their vanity, some yield to the mistaken advice of injudicious friends, some to pass time, some, alas for them! for daily bread. It *seems* an easy, lady-like way of earning a living." Of the "white-winged treasures" which the mail-bag drops upon the editorial desk, "many are not only feeble in plot, imperfect in style and utterly devoid of talent, but they bear upon every line proof of the most glaring ignorance."

If all the articles published by *Godey's* were perfect in plot, talent and intelligence, so were not all the works reviewed by that magazine. "Poor Matt or The Clouded Intellect" by Jean Ingelow might pass muster and "595 Pulpit Pungencies with a Table of Contents" which was "witty without undue or blamable levity", but such a book as "School and Home or Leaves from a Boy's Journal" met with a pretty thin reception. "The author has, we regret to say, allowed his children to talk unlimited slang. In the intervals of slang they utter select religious sentences apparently taken from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons." However, "by frequent skipping a child might pass a pleasant hour over it."

TAXI DRIVER

HE DROVE like a demon—I clung
to the plush—
By a hair's breadth we by-passed a tram;
Discreetly I ventured, "I'm not in a rush."
"Maybe not," he replied, "but I am!"

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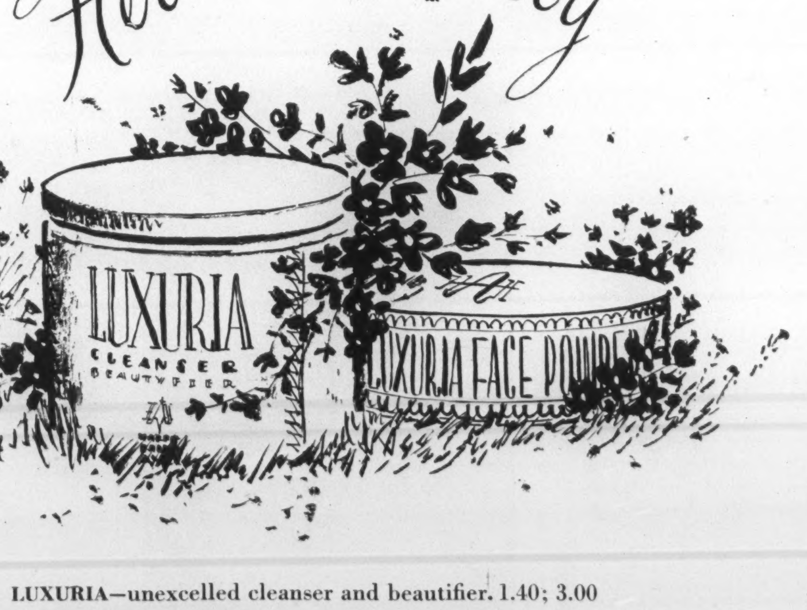

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HARRIET HUBBARD Ayer

CONCERNING FOOD

Ringing the Changes on Bread Hot from the Home Oven

By JANET MARCH

ONCE you start making bread for your family you're sunk, for they will pester you to death to do it again, and if they are "Alice in Wonderland" fans you'll have them quoting—

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
Is what we chiefly want."

They'll dream up some more propaganda about bread being the staff of life, and that these are democratic days and they aren't like Marie Antoinette wanting cake—no, no, just a small loaf of bread, preferably hot from the oven.

The baker put his head in at the kitchen door the other day and smiled when he saw the pans just going into the oven. "I like it too," he said. "Will you save me a slice?" This was big of him, but he knew his customer and her family's bread capacity well enough to know that three loaves of bread wouldn't go far, and when they were home-made loaves they would hardly go at all. By tomorrow we'd be customers again.

There has been published recently a cook book dealing with nothing but different sorts of bread. It is called "The Bread Tray" and it is by Louis P. de Gouy, published by Ambassador Books ($5.25). In it are some 641 recipes for different sorts of bread, so you who just buy one sort from your baker and call it a day should hang your head in shame. It is true that Mr. De Guoy includes every thing from biscuits to rich coffee cake, and a section on soy beans too.

There is something very attractive about the sound of some of these breads. How about Pennsylvania Cinnamon Pecan Rolls, and would you like to try the Charleston method of making spoon bread? Greek Apricot bread sounds good if you could get the apricots, and Honeyed Afternoon Tea Rolls make your mouth water just to read about them.

The foreword is by Dorothy Thompson who seems to have as much enthusiasm for bread as she has for international affairs. ". . . . Bakers cannot supply the home with that aroma sweeter than all the perfumes of Araby that issue from the oven when the fresh loaves are taken out. They cannot supply you with the irreplaceable deliciousness of the fresh yeast-raised roll straight out of the oven, into which the hard, sweet butter melts most toothsomely."

Are you hungry, too, after reading that?

Here's how you make Vienna Bread, and this recipe will make two small loaves or you can make it into any shape you like. It seems to me that the rolls used to be plaited in the old days in Vienna, and that is rather fun to do for you make three long pieces of dough and go at it just as if it was a pig-tail and then cut off short lengths to bake.

Vienna Bread

- 1 cake of yeast
- 1 teaspoon of granulated sugar
- 1½ teaspoons of salt
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 1 cup of milk heated till it is lukewarm
- 1 egg
- 3¾ cups of twice sifted flour
- Melted butter to brush on the tops

Add the salt to the flour and sift them together. Break the yeast up in small pieces and dissolve in a very little warm water stirring until the mixture is quite smooth. Add the sugar to the yeast and water. Beat the egg and mix it with the cup of milk and add to the yeast and sugar. Melt the butter and add it, or cut it up in very small pieces so that the warmth of the milk mixture will melt it. Sift in the flour and salt stirring till the dough is very smooth, and put in a bowl covered in a warm place to rise for an hour. Put a little water on the top of the dough so that no crust forms.

When the dough has doubled in amount knead it on a lightly floured board, and then either shape into two loaves or into rolls and put in a warm place to rise again for half an hour. Then bake in a 400 oven for about twenty minutes. If keeping the dough for bread warm, but neither too hot nor too cold, presents a problem try this method. Bring your kettle to the boil and stand it in the center of your ironing blanket, or any rug you have. Put the bowl beside it covered with a clean dish towel and wrap the rug up around both the kettle and the bowl.

"The Bread Tray" has all sorts of baking powder recipes as well as yeast ones, and you might like to try

Butterscotch Buns

Mix one teaspoon of white and one tablespoon of brown sugar in each of sixteen muffin pans and let stand while you are making the batter.

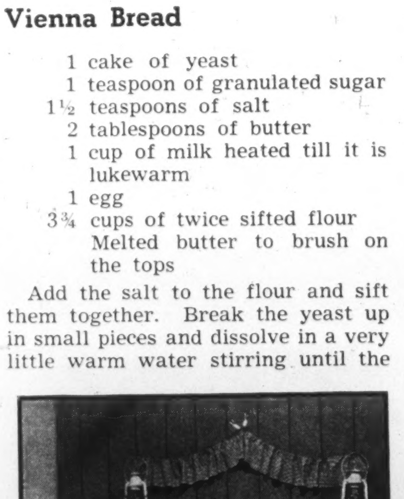
- 2½ cups of bread flour sifted twice
- 1 tablespoon of baking powder
- 1 scant teaspoon of salt
- ½ cup of butter or other shortening
- 1½ cups of milk
- 1 whole egg well beaten
- 2 tablespoons of softened butter
- ¼ cup of brown sugar

To the flour add baking powder and salt and sift together. Cut in shortening until of consistency of corn meal. Combine cold milk and beaten egg and stir into flour mixture to produce quickly a soft dough. Roll out dough on a lightly floured board to ¼ inch thickness and spread with softened butter. Over butter sprinkle brown sugar and roll up like a jelly roll. Cut the roll in ¾ inch slices; set in the prepared muffin pans and bake in a hot oven—425—for fifteen to twenty minutes.

• •

WOMEN'S clubs and organizations holding meetings in Toronto before the conclusion of the Eighth Victory Loan campaign, may wish to avail themselves of the services of a special speaker. The Women Speakers' Panel is composed of experienced speakers who are prepared to give five minute addresses about the Loan:

Mrs. J. G. Althouse, Chairman; Mrs. F. J. Conboy, Mrs. John F. Davidson, Mrs. J. L. Halpenny; Mrs. Harold Lorie, Mrs. W. Ralph Jane, Mrs. H. E. McCullagh, Mrs. Norman Stephens, Mrs. John A. Sherman, Mrs. S. Hudson Johnston, Mrs. Earl G. Knope, Capt. Natalie Platner, Mrs. W. J. McCoy, Mrs. C. C. Goldring, Mrs. J. Arthur Barber, Mrs. W. R. Walton, Jr., Mrs. James M. Baxter, Mrs. A. C. Casselden, Mrs. D. W. McGibbon, Mrs. E. H. Ross, Mrs. George Robinson, Dr. Martha Law, Mrs. Gordon Conant, Mrs. R. J. Marshall, Mrs. E. G. Weekes.



A corner of the playroom in the third chapter of "The Inside Story" at Simpson's, furnished in Canadian Provincial. Barn red board wall, with brown and white swag, provides a focus for games — darts, archery and so on. Rugs, lamps and lanterns are white and furniture is covered in a bright multi-colored catalogue. The wall shelf (a catch-all for games) is skirted with a deep ruffle of brown and white checked gingham.

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Simple playthings are best for baby
by MEREDITH MOULTON REDHEAD, Ph. B.
Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

Babies prefer simple, home-made playthings! Complicated toys are soon taken apart and discarded. But the joy that baby gets from a wooden mixing bowl and spoon to bang, is endless. Even a string of spools will keep him contented for hours—between mealtimes and naps.

Mealtimes, too can be simple, leisurely and pleasant—when mothers rely on Heinz Baby Foods. Babies enjoy their fine fresh flavour—mothers find they save a great deal of time, work and worry.

Heinz list of prepared foods includes soups, meats, vegetables and desserts. Note the complete list below.

HEINZ BABY FOODS
Have You Tried Them All?
19 DELICIOUS VARIETIES

SOUPS: Strained Beef and Liver, Strained Tomato, Strained Vegetable
MEATS: Strained Vegetables with Lamb, Strained Chicken, Vegetables and Farina
VEGETABLES: Strained Asparagus, Strained Green Beans, Strained Beets, Strained Carrots, Strained Mixed Greens, Strained Peas, Strained Spinach, Strained Squash and Carrots
FRUITS: Strained Applesauce, Strained Apple, Prune, Custard Dessert, Strained Peaches, Strained Pears with Farina, Strained Plums with Farina, Strained Prunes

HALF A CUP OF FLAVOR?
—OR—
FLAVORFULL CHASE & SANBORN!

ROASTED IN CANADA

C-8

THE OTHER PAGE

Men, As Ships Passing In the Night Speak One Another, Then Silence

By A. C. FORREST

EXCEPT for the intolerable ticking of the clock, the waitingroom of the hospital was quiet. Young Mr. Benson was nervously fingering a magazine as he sat inconspicuously in a far corner. Then suddenly he tossed the magazine on the chesterfield, stood up, lit another cigarette, and walked across to the window. He looked down at the street for a while, and then went back to his chair.

As he sat down a little grin crossed his face. He was thinking about his reactions. He had seen so many movie versions of expectant fathers during the waiting-room tension, he had always wondered how he would act under such circumstances. They usually smoked cigarettes furiously, and he was doing that. Sometimes they fainted; a friend of his back west had fainted when they brought him the good news, but he didn't think that he would do that. He grinned at the clock. From what the nurses had said he could expect to wait another hour yet.

One thing about this waiting-room, it was down at the extreme end of the long hall, and nurses didn't barge in with mysterious bundles to make you jump and wonder if it were yours. That was special movie technique, he thought.

While he was sitting there another young chap came in and walked over to the window and stared out. Harold Benson watched him with interested condescension. Already he had been waiting for an hour and he felt like a veteran staring at a rookie. The chap turned from the window and caught Harold staring at him. He smiled with understanding, then came over and sat down.

"Would you like to change your brand for a while?" he asked, pulling out a package of cigarettes and offering one.

So they got to talking. It didn't seem to matter to either that both were guilty of occasional mental lapses, and didn't talk or answer coherently sometimes.

Harold Benson and his young wife were new in Toronto. They had left their little town in Saskatchewan to come East and make money in war industry. They had had tough luck getting settled in a suitable house, and had had to move several times during their two years in the city. They didn't seem to be able to make any friends either. They didn't admit it to one another but they were both lonely, and Harold felt that it was harder on his wife because she was alone in the house all day when he was working.

Finally they had bought a little house in the suburbs, on the Government payment plan; but even out there they found that their neighbors all seemed to have friends and relatives in the city, and they didn't make any new friends.

HE THOUGHT about this as he chatted with the other chap. And it seemed strange that they suddenly were so friendly. Soon they were telling one another about their homes. The other chap had just built a new house too. This was also their first baby. They had come from the West too, but they had lived in Alberta.

Before Harold realized it he was telling this chap all his ambitions and even some of his troubes. They compared experiences in financing their purchases of homes. They confided how much their mortgages were, and talked about how many tons of coal it took to heat their places, and how much their hydro bills were. They discussed cars and gas rationing, and how many coupons they had left.

Harold told about his cocker spaniel that he was so proud of. And the other fellow had a Kerry Blue, so they discussed dogs for a while. They got to talking about doctors, and how helpless a man felt and how important it was to be where you could get a good doctor and get into a good hospital. Then they exchanged experiences of the excitement of the past few hours before they came to the hospital.

The Bensons had it figured out that their baby was going to be a boy and their doctor had said he couldn't tell for sure. "But if I were going to make a bet I'd bet it would be a boy." The other chap said his wife was wanting a little girl, but that it didn't really matter which it was. They agreed that three children would be an ideal family.

They invited one another to visit them as soon as their wives were out of the hospital. They wanted to see one another's places, and maybe they could have a few games of bridge. Then it leaked out somehow that Harold liked to fish, and they made plans to spend the weekend of the 24th together and go on a fishing trip. They even discussed the possibility of sharing a cottage for their vacations.

When the subject got around to the differences between the East and the West, there was even more agreement. "I could tell you were from the West," Harold said. They missed the friendliness and hospitality of Westerners and found the East very reserved. When they agreed on the doctrine that Bay Street, Toronto, and St. James Street, Montreal, had been robbing the West for years, and that they needed a change at Ottawa, Harold was thinking to himself what a swell fellow this chap was. And he was wishing that they had been lucky enough to meet before; they could probably have had a lot of fun together.

THEN they heard someone coming down the hall, and Harold licked his lips and the other fellow opened and closed his hands a few times. Harold's wife's doctor came in. He looked so tired and serious that Harold had an awful feeling that something had gone wrong. He staggered up and over to the doctor, who peered at him for a moment before he seemed to be sure that this was the right man, then he smiled and said. "Everything is fine. You have a nice baby boy. Your wife will be down in about half an hour and you may see her for a few moments."

The other chap (Harold still didn't know his name, though he knew where he worked, how much money he got, and what his house cost) was standing there grinning, and he shook his hand and said, "Let me be the first to congratulate you." They did it just like old pals. And Harold thought to himself how funny it was that a chap he had never seen before an hour ago, would be his best friend at such a great moment of his life.

Harold slipped down to the desk and sent off a couple of wires to Mary's folks and his own folks. He went over to the phone, but there wasn't really anyone he could call. So he phoned the newspaper and asked them to insert the news in the birth notices, even if hardly anyone in the whole city would be interested.

Then for the first time he thought about his friend down in the waiting-room. Maybe their baby would have arrived by now. He would go back and see, and if it hadn't at least he would stay for a while and help him pass the time.

The chap was still waiting, just sitting there and doing nothing. He looked weary and Harold thought he must be getting tired waiting for the doctor. Still beaming he went in and asked if there were any word yet.

"Yes, the baby arrived right after yours," he said, without looking up. "A girl," he added.

Harold thought, "Maybe he's disappointed because it was a girl." Then he remembered that his wife wanted a girl, and he had said that it didn't really matter which it was.

Harold hesitated a moment, wondering. "Is your wife not down yet?" he asked.

"Yes, she's down," he said. "And she'll be wondering why I haven't gone in yet. She will be so happy because it's a little girl, and it's all over."

"But," he went on listlessly. "That's just the trouble; it is all over. The baby didn't live, and the Doctor says it would be best if I went in and told her, now."

The first thing Harold thought was that he was an awful heel for having been so happy while his friend was having such hard luck. But there didn't seem to be anything he could say. So he just stood there for a little, and then said, "I'm awfully sorry, fellow. I guess I can't help, but I'd be glad to if there's anything I can do." And then feeling embarrassed and sad, and not knowing what else to do, he just slipped out quietly and left his friend, rumpled up there in the chair.

But as he trudged down the long hall he wasn't thinking so much about what the man would have to say to his wife. He kept thinking sadly that he had lost a good friend. And he decided that he wouldn't tell Mary anything about it.

Like sun-spangled waves on the crest of high fashion the bright, bare and beautiful beach clothes at

EATON'S

Britain Faces Serious Danger of Inflation

By GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Unless strong action is taken, Mr. Layton says, there is in Britain the possibility of inflation on a scale sufficient to distort the entire economy.

The Conservative policy is restraint upon reconstruction combined with freedom from financial control. Labor policy threatens the financial structure through insistence upon projects which involve enormous expenditure.

The only answer, to the writer, is a combination of the two policies, with recognition that certain potentially dangerous expenditure must be allowed and that certain control will be necessary to hold down inflation.

London.

SPEAKING not as Prime Minister but as leader of the Conservative Party, Mr. Churchill earlier this year observed that Britain would face a serious threat of inflation in the postwar period, and that the danger would be averted only by employing the means of sound finance to the wide and varied reconstructional projects. He was undoubtedly right about the threat. During the war, the operation of rationing, price fixing and subsidy has been to hold down all general price indices, but in the uncontrolled range prices are on an average somewhere between 75 and 100 per cent above the pre-war level, and in many cases they have advanced much more.

That itself is a not-inconsiderable measure of inflation. With the war over, a vast reservoir of spending power asks to be breached, and with no immediately corresponding increase in the volume of goods and services on which the money might be expended the prospect of dangerous and self-generating price jumps is obvious. Unless there is really strong action, the possibility is opened up of inflation on a scale sufficient to distort the entire economy and to wreck the fine laid plans of resurgence.

What is this sound finance that can, in the Conservative view, prevent the cataclysm? Essentially, it must be a policy of restraint upon the pace and scope of reconstruction combined with a program of continued savings (which is consumer abstinence). It is a policy which its opponents will call reactionary and deflationary in the derogatory sense, and which its supporters will call prudence. But whether it can ever come into operation depends upon the scale of priorities which the postwar Government decides on.

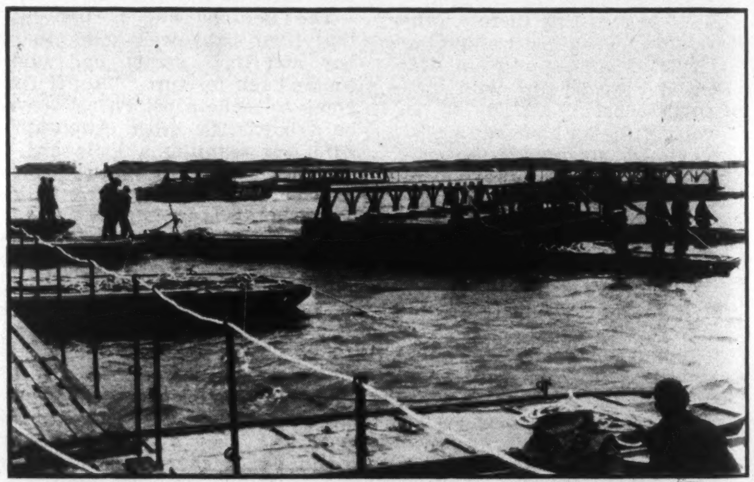
If the first place is accorded to industrial and domestic reconstruction without consideration of purely monetary factors, and if the sympathetic policy of great expenditure by the public is pursued, there is no alternative to inflation except stringent and continuing official control of the general price level. If, on the other hand, the inflationary danger is rated so highly as to make it the first determinant, then we have to reckon whether British industrial recovery will be retarded to the point where competitors in the international markets gain an advantage which cannot afterwards be recovered.

The issue, therefore, involves factors vastly more complicated than would appear from the simple diagnosis of "sound finance or else", and here, as in the whole field of postwar analysis, the concern must be

(Continued on Next Page)

Bridges Built by Engineers Keep Traffic Rolling

The consistent speed of the Allied drive across Germany has been due in large measure to the skill of army engineers in replacing the many bridges which were demolished by the enemy as they withdrew. Royal Canadian Engineers, faced with the network of streams, large and small, that intersect the delta of the Lower Rhine in Germany, constructed many Bailey Bridges by the methods graphically illustrated here. Sections like the above were slid into place to provide the necessary anchorage on opposite banks, while other sections (on pontoons, below) were floated into the streams, where they were joined to sections already in position.



Finished the bridge looked like this. Built by Canadian Army engineers, this Bailey bridge across the Rhine is shown shortly after it was opened to traffic. Bridges like this are capable of bearing great weights, but care is taken to see that a certain distance is maintained between each vehicle so as not to overload any one portion of the structure.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Place of Overall Planning

By P. M. RICHARDS

COLUMNIST Dorothy Thompson, writing from London last week, said that Britain has made social progress during the war that she could not otherwise have accomplished for generations, instancing the improvement in national health resulting from the "pure socialist" food program of Lord Woolton, the revised national insurance act which will protect Britons against all major hazards of life from the cradle to the grave, and the new education act providing free education, with free meals, and medical care, and further free technical or university education for every gifted child. However, said Miss Thompson, "the British people are sick and tired of agitators promising costless Utopias, as well as slogans about freedom of enterprise. They want specific programs for tangible ends . . . but all classes will fight against collectivization."

She added that Britons want to retain the Crown, the altar and Parliament, and are deeply suspicious of radical innovations which in the modern world have produced a crop of dictatorships; that while thousands, including Conservatives, admire what they believe to be the Russian economic system, no one has anything but horror for the Russian political system; and that the British socialist is an odd fellow whose philosophy is more Christian than Marxian, who wants the best of the two worlds—freedom and security collectivism—and who is anti-totalitarian to the backbone. With all this, Britain is moving inevitably, Miss Thompson is convinced, toward "planning for the general welfare"—which, we might note, does not necessarily mean towards a planned economy.

How Will It Work Out?

This British attitude is of prime interest to Canadians not only because of Canada's close associations with Britain but by reason of this country's intentions, as set out in its recently-issued White Paper, to use the powers of collective planning to promote and supplement individual enterprise. How will this combination of collectivism and individualism work out? Will it lead in time to total economic planning and the destruction of individualism?

John Bracken, national Progressive Conservative leader, speaking last week in Montreal, asserted that behind the promise of the planned economy is a concealed system of centralized planning whereby all the plans would be made at the top or at the government level and the orders for carrying them out would be passed down to the people as servants of the machine. He said he found it impossible to detect any real difference between socialism and the planned economy. "Socialism begins with and exists to plan the economy and the lives of the people within it. And planned economy, whatever its auspices, leads inevitably to socialism, and as we have all witnessed in Europe, to totalitarianism."

The true function of government, Mr. Bracken asserted, is not to obstruct freedom as centralized planning must do, but to see that freedom is fully and equitably realized. Government does not exist to direct or manage but simply to regulate. The free enterprise system is inseparably bound up with personal freedom. Unless there is economic freedom other freedoms will not long survive.

While wartime's "planned economy" of business controls must be abolished as soon as possible, Mr. Bracken said that controls must in some cases "be unwound carefully and slowly" to enable an orderly reconversion of business from war to peacetime production. "In the grave emergency of war the government raised controls above the jurisdiction of our courts. This, I suggest, is a most dangerous practice at any time. It can be justified only as a last resort on the grounds of the threat to national survival which the war caused." Mr. Bracken said that the wartime controls had been necessary, but that "in assessing their virtues we should think of those controls in terms of the job they were intended to do."

Necessary Social Legislation

Discarding the controls would require careful planning. And governmental planning was necessary for the reconstruction of export trade, on which three out of eight people in the Dominion depend for subsistence. "In rejecting the planned economy, it does not mean that we are condemned to inaction and stagnation. . . Let us by all means fix minimum standards for our people. By all means aid men and women through the joint contributions of themselves, their employers and their governments to security. . . These things are necessary social legislation, underwriting the well-being and contentment of all of us. They are not socialism, nor are they the prerogatives of a planned economy. These things do not demand that we control the minds and actions of the people."

"What in democracy do we mean by freedom, if not freedom from coercion and the dictation of other men; freedom from control of our thoughts and our speech, and from suppression of our liberties, not as a state but as individuals within the state? Is it not curious then to hear the planners talking of a great new 'economic freedom' and seeking its attainment through control of the individual in everything he does?"

Mr. Bracken added that "if business is to be the employment agency in peacetime; if business is to provide the incentives for production; if business is to have freedom of competition, then business must have freedom also to invest in its own development and expansion. Therefore I say that business must have relief from taxation in a way that will permit it to employ its earnings in productive development."

(*Continued from Page 42*)

lest political compulsions are allowed to override economic needs. Politically, there is hardly a better polling word than "sound finance" at an Election, for in matters financial the British people are by nature conservative. At the same time, there is no argument about the public insistence upon a full and rapid scheme for reconstruction.

The clash of belief here is fundamental. Britain cannot have a great reconstruction drive and sound finance, unless sound finance is taken to mean the continuation of wartime control (indeed, of intensified control in many departments) for a long time. The British people want both their pounds of flesh, their pound sterling unchanged in purchasing power and their full employment, social insurance and other betterment programs, and there is no doubt at all that they also want the other thing that Mr. Churchill has promised them, as quick and complete a release from control as is possible.

Even Mr. Churchill cannot square the circle, and it would be unwise to rule out of account the unfortunate possibility that in trying to do it his party may commit an irreparable damage upon economic recovery, by delaying it under the restrictions imposed by orthodox sound finance. Neither can the Labor Party square its circles, and the danger here is that their insistence upon projects which must involve enormous expenditure will involve inflation on the calamitous scale. Is there then no way out?

The first thing is to get the priorities straight. Inflation is a controllable thing; the competitor is not. Britain must at all costs short of uneconomic costs restore her competitive power in the oversea markets, and she must attend without any delay to her domestic problems of housing and re-equipment. To put any other goal first is to mistake the essence of the economic requirement today. It follows from this that expenditure which contains a vital inflationary danger must be freely allowed, so that the need for strong control to hold down inflation is self-evident. What is wanted, in a word, is a combination of the Labor and Conservative programs, the vision of the one and the caution of the other. Whether such a marriage is possible is another matter.

To Holders of Warrants Representing Ownership of Ordinary Shares of Powell River Company Limited

As names and addresses of many holders of Share Warrants are not known to the Company, it is not possible to mail to them Annual Reports for year ended December 31st, 1944. Copies of these Reports, however, may be obtained from Wood, Gundy & Company Limited, managers of the Syndicate which offered the shares, or from any member of the Syndicate, or by writing direct to the Company's office, Standard Bank Building, Vancouver, B.C.

Powell River Company Limited

NEWS OF THE MINES

Important Expansion Program Is Projected for Kerr-Addison

By JOHN M. GRANT

NOT only is Kerr-Addison Gold Mines outstanding among the mines discovered in Canada in more than three decades but is also one of the largest and richest gold producers in the Dominion today. Nine years ago the present company was formed and it provides one of the very few instances where a gold producer was developed without general public participation in the early financing, engineers and mining executives furnishing the necessary funds in the hope of securing a large-tonnage, low-grade operation, with the result another romantic chapter was added to the country's already colorful history. Production commenced in May 1938, and two years ago the late M. F. Fairlie, consulting engineer for the company, stated that down to the 1,450-foot horizon alone there remained 8,000,000 tons of ore with an estimated value of $60,000,000. The mine has been partially opened to a depth of 2,835 feet and drifting on the 2,500-foot level disclosed some spectacular gold values.

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The ninth annual report for the year ended December 31, 1944, furnishes, if further proof is necessary that Kerr-Addison is not only an exceptional gold mine but one with a long life ahead. To quote James Y. Murdoch, president, "I believe results to date and present prospects justify the belief that your property is one of major importance." In spite of the continuing labor shortage ore reserves were fully maintained and at the end of the year there were 8,300,918 tons of .2 oz. grade all above the 1,450-foot level. Most of the ore added in the upper levels was made through discovery of substantial tonnages of ore lying beyond the estimated outlines of known orebodies, and officials state there are still substantial tonnages of ore above the 1,450-foot horizon not yet completely developed and therefore not included in reserves.

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The fact that Kerr-Addison was able to more than maintain ore reserves and also carry out development at depth points to a well balanced operation. On the 2,500-foot level the driving of both east and west drifts and the program of diamond drilling from them was continued. This work has extended the four known orebodies and they now have a combined length of 2,087 feet, an average width of 59.5 feet and, after allowing for dilution of 10%, an average grade of .244 oz per ton ($8.54 at $35 per oz). Four other zones are known to carry ore values but neither their importance nor effect upon tonnage and average grade can be determined until they have been explored by drifting and additional diamond drilling.

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The remarkable success attained by Kerr-Addison to date indicates a much higher milling rate for the future. The average daily tonnage for 1944 was 1,324 tons, and a low of 1,100 has been reached as compared with present capacity of 2,100 tons. While it will take some time after conditions again become normal to work back to capacity and considerable development remains to be done on the lower levels there appears to be every probability of an increase in mill capacity to between 3,000 and 4,000 tons daily after the war. The company has ample finances to carry out mill ex-

(*Continued on Page 47*)

3% Interest?

That's not the real reason you've been buying Victory Bonds all these years! You invested your dollars for something deeper, more important . . . For survival itself. For human decency. For the safe return home of the men who are doing the fighting. You have been investing in VICTORY — and now you are beginning to collect. But the final payment won't be made until the last Nazi, the last Jap surrenders . . . for keeps. Until then, *keep buying*. Put your present and future savings to work.

***Invest in the Best* — BUY VICTORY BONDS**

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

KEEP THEM— AND KEEP THEM SAFE

Hold your Victory Bonds. Place them for safekeeping with any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AND DIRECTORS' REPORT

Western Grocers Limited

At the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Western Grocers Limited, held at the Head Office of the Company, the Directors' Report, Balance Sheet, Statements of Profit and Surplus and the Auditors' Report for the year ended December 31st, 1944, were presented and adopted.

The following were elected directors: Messrs. W. P. Riley, I. Pitblado, A. E. Hoskin, F. W. St. Lawrence, A. McCallum, W. J. Johnston, C. H. A. Armstrong. At a meeting of the Board following the Shareholders' Meeting, the President, W. P. Riley; the Vice-President, I. Pitblado, and the other officers were re-elected.

REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS FOR THE YEAR 1944

Herein your Directors present the Thirty-second Annual Report covering the fiscal year ended 31st December, 1944, together with a Balance Sheet showing the financial condition of the Company at the close of the year, a Statement of Earned Surplus and Profit, also the Auditors' Report.

STATEMENT OF PROFIT FOR YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1944, AND OF EARNED SURPLUS ACCOUNT

Profit for the Year before taking into account the undermentioned items		$ 767,463.93
Additions:		
Dividends from Subsidiary Companies		127,971.50
		$ 895,435.43
Deductions:		
Depreciation	$ 27,650.13	
Directors' Fees	2,666.68	
Executive Officers' Remuneration	119,200.00	
Legal Fees	2,246.05	
Merchandise Inventory Reserve	10,000.00	
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	388,000.00	549,762.86
Net Profit for Year transferred to Earned Surplus		$ 345,672.57
Earned Surplus at 31st December, 1943	1,450,586.63	
Add Net Adjustments to Profits of Prior Years	27,828.00	1,478,414.63
		$1,824,087.20
Deduct Dividends:		
Preference Shares:		
Four at 1¾%, being 7% per annum to 31st December, 1944	$ 83,601.00	
Common Shares:		
Four at 75 cents per share and one (extra) at $2.00 per share	84,715.00	168,316.00
Earned Surplus at 31st December, 1944		$1,655,771.20

As a voluntary contribution to the national economy, it is the policy of your Company to carry on business at the lowest possible margin. Partly as a result of that policy, trading experience for the year exhibited a substantial reduction in the percentage of gross profit realized.

Such reduction was, however, more than offset by a large increase in sales, and the eventual outcome, despite greater provision for taxation, showed an improvement in the final net profit transferred to Earned Surplus, compared with the preceding period.

As customary, inventories were taken on the basis of cost or market, whichever was the lower, and while the stock-in-trade was higher in dollars than at the end of 1943, nevertheless the investment in merchandise is low in relation to turnover.

Not only were sales at an all-time high in the history of the Company, but the total of the customers' accounts receivable was also at a new low record; that is to say, having regard to the number of days' business which such sum represents.

Dominion Fruit Limited, H. H. Cooper Limited, The W. H. Malkin Company Limited, Gateway Grocers Limited, your Company's subsidiaries, each earned net profits, and in general the trading experience of each was much the same as that of the parent Company.

The net profits of these subsidiaries are not brought into the accounts herein presented, and are not reflected therein in any way other than by the dividends actually received by your Company during the year.

During the year, Messrs. R. C. Riley, H. C. McWilliams and F. O. Fowler resigned as directors. The vancancies thus caused were filled, as they arose, by the election of Mr. A. E. Hoskin, K.C., of the legal firm of Pitblado, Hoskin, Grundy, Bennest & Drummond Hay; Mr. F. W. St. Lawrence, President, George Weston Limited, and Mr. A. McCallum, Vice-President, Dominion Fruit Limited.

Submitted by order of the Board.

W. P. RILEY,
President.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1944

ASSETS

Current Assets			$3,917,889.91
Cash on Hand and in Banks		$ 54,809.26	
Dominion of Canada Bonds		200,000.00	
Customers' Accounts Receivable, after providing for possible losses		750,631.95	
Advances on Merchandise and Sundry Debtors		61,130.92	
Customs Deposits		5,550.00	
Merchandise—per Inventories—as determined and certified by the Management, on basis of cost or market, whichever was lower		2,845,767.78	
		$3,917,889.91	
Prepaid Expenses			6,653.50
Post War Refundable Portion of Excess Profits Taxes			78,000.00
Investments in and Advances to Subsidiary Companies			
Investments—at cost		$1,449,087.35	
Advances		16,230.02	
		$1,465,317.37	
Other Investments			1,600.00
Fixed Assets			693,347.78
Real Estate and Buildings—at cost less depreciation and less amounts written off		$ 672,089.16	
Plant and Equipment—at cost less depreciation		21,258.62	
		$ 693,347.78	
			$6,162,808.56

LIABILITIES

Current Liabilities to Public			$1,595,717.51
Bank Loans—Secured		$ 258,633.22	
Accounts and Bills Payable		998,286.00	
Income and Excess Profits Taxes		301,268.89	
Dividends payable 15th January, 1945		33,607.50	
On Preferred Shares	$20,900.25		
On Common Shares	12,707.25		
	$33,607.50		
Unclaimed Dividends		3,921.90	
		$1,595,717.51	
Advances from Subsidiary Companies			416,157.11
Reserves			200,000.00
Reserve for Contingencies		$ 100,000.00	
Merchandise Inventory Reserve		100,000.00	
		$ 200,000.00	
Capital Stock			2,217,162.74
7% Cumulative Preference Shares of $100.00 each—Participating and Non-Redeemable Authorized: 25,000 Shares—Issued 11,943 Shares		$1,194,300.00	
Common Shares of No Par Value—Authorized: 30,000 Shares—Issued 16,943 Shares		$1,022,862.74	
		$2,217,162.74	
Earned Surplus			1,655,771.20
Deferred Surplus—Refundable Portion on Excess Profits Tax			78,000.00
			$6,162,808.56

Approved on behalf of the Board.
A. E. HOSKIN
W. P. RILEY } Directors.

Contingent Liabilities Reported:
Guarantee of a Subsidiary's bank indebtedness for a maximum amount of $200,000.00.

Auditors' Report to the Shareholders:

We have made an examination of the books and accounts of Western Grocers Limited, for the year ended 31st December, 1944, and have prepared therefrom the accompanying Balance Sheet. We have also examined the books and accounts of Dominion Fruit Limited, H. H. Cooper Limited, and Gateway Grocers Grocers Limited, subsidiary companies, and have inspected the financial statements of your subsidiary, The W. H. Malkin Company Limited, certified by their Auditor. In accordance with Section 114 of the Dominion Companies Act, we report that the accompanying Balance Sheet does not set forth the assets and liabilities of the subsidiary companies, and that the Statement of Profits does not include the operating profits of the subsidiary companies, except as to dividends actually received therefrom in 1944.

With this report, we are of the opinion that the Balance Sheet submitted herewith exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given us, and as shown by the books. We have obtained all information and explanations required by us.

(Signed) SHARP, WOODLEY & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

HEAD OFFICE — WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

BRANCHES

Calgary, Edmonton and Lethbridge in Alberta
Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Prince Albert, Regina, Saskatoon, Weyburn and Yorkton in Saskatchewan
Brandon, Dauphin, Flin Flon, The Pas and Winnipeg in Manitoba
Fort Frances, Kenora and Port Arthur in Ontario

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

D. C. G. M., Amherst, N.S.—A program of exploration and development is being carried out by WEST MALARTIC MINES with the object of enlarging the mine, and the management, which is experienced, have been more encouraged than ever by recent developments that the property would develop into a producer of real importance. Four deeper levels opened in 1944 to a depth of 1,200 feet have, in the opinion of the company, lengthened the life of the mine approximately five years. Acquisition of control of Pan-Canadian properties adjoining northwest gives an additional three miles of potential ground. A moderate increase was shown in the grade of ore last year when the operating profit was $50,676, before depreciation and exploration write-offs and before payment of interest on loans by directors. Operating profit in 1943 was $12,622. Net working capital is $129,581. There will be an additional $564,000 in the treasury according to President J. H. Coakley when Wm. McKenzie & Company take up the 600,000 shares of stock optioned to them. I have no record as to where the controlling share interest is held.

B. S. G., Liverpool, N.S.—Yes, the current annual dividend rate being paid on the new class "A" and "B" shares of CANADIAN SHIPBUILDING & ENGINEERING LTD. was earned by a very wide margin in 1944. Retained net profit for the year of $466,043 was equal to $8.96 a share on the class "A" stock which is entitled to an annual cumulative preferential dividend of 60 cents a share, and, after allowing for a year's dividend on the "A", the balance was equal to $2.09 a share on the class "B" stock on which dividends are currently being paid on an annual rate of 40 cents a share. In addition to the retained net the company earned by way of the postwar tax refund $241,600. This was equal to $4.64 per share on the "A" and $1.16 on the "B", bringing total earned on the "A" to $13.60, and on the "B" to $3.25 a share. Retained net profit for 1943 of $446,271 was equal to $8.58 per share of "A" and $2.00 per share "B" and the refundable of $102,000 was equivalent to an additional $1.96 on the "A" and 4 cents on the "B". Thus total profits in 1943 were equivalent to $10.54 on the "A" and $2.49 on the "B". The consolidated balance sheet at Dec. 31, 1944 shows net working capital of $2,094,358 compared with $1,510,482 at Dec. 31, 1943. The directors' report states that the company's properties are working to capacity, subject only to manpower available, and are engaged on contracts that will keep them fully employed for deliveries up to the close of navigation on the great lakes in 1945. The company has some small balances of contracts that will carry over for delivery in 1946, and officials anticipate that there will be additional business to provide full operation during the year 1946.

C. F. B., Union, N.J.—A geophysical survey and diamond drilling comprised the activities of INTERNATIONAL URANIUM MINING COMPANY'S property in the North West Territories in 1944 and this work showed geological formations indicative of and favorable to the existence of pitchblende. The property was formerly worked as a silver producer and no effort was made to recover the uranium content. A 25-ton concentrator operated intermittently until the middle of 1939 when it was suspended due to the drop in the price

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Investors --- Keep Alert!

BY HARUSPEX

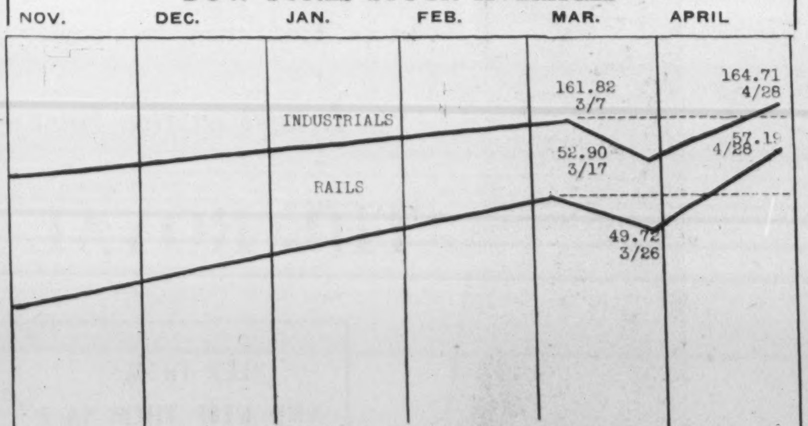
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK MARKET TREND: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, have, according to our indices, been in a broad zone of distribution over the past two years preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SHORT TERM, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the mid-September 1944 low points of 142.96 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 38.71 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Toward the end of every bull market there is often some important news development that quickens public interest on the bullish side, leading to the abandonment of caution and the purchasing of stocks by those who had heretofore been wary of that particular stage of the movement. In earlier Forecasts we have referred to psychological relief over victory in Europe as a possible development of the above character. News is getting around that the German war probably now is largely ended. Coincident with this has been the inauguration of a new President regarded as less likely to rock the business boat than was true of the predecessor Administration. In the midst of these events the market has developed further strength with some slight show of climactic action.

Evidence is not present that the uptrend—now 3 years old in terms of the long term move, 7 months old in terms of the short term move—has attained its extreme point. However, we call attention to the consideration alluded to in the preceding paragraph as we feel, in view of the extreme length of the present movement, that investors should be particularly alert, in periods of strength, to technical developments suggesting culmination of the uptrend. Certainly reconversion is now getting away to a gradual start, as indicated in occasional announcements of reduction in war orders. It may be a number of months before the movement assumes sufficient momentum to arouse investment interest. At the same time, reconversion does create a hiatus between war and peacetime industrial activity and it is yet to be demonstrated that the market can withstand this period of shock without important adverse repercussions.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

SYSTEMATIC SAVING BEST

Determine the amount of money you intend to save, and budget your controllable expenses accordingly. We'll help you. Open a Savings Account with us. Your money will be available at any time it is required. When you subscribe to a war purpose or a government loan, issue your cheque and keep within your budget.

CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $64,000,000

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 328

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of FIFTEEN CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th April, 1945.

By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.

Montreal, 17th April, 1945.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND

On April 26, 1945, a quarterly dividend of $2.00 was declared on the Common Shares of this Company payable in Canadian Funds June 5th, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business May 11th, 1945.

Montreal *J. A. DULLEA,*
April 26th, 1945 *Secretary*

Canadian Wirebound Boxes
LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Directors of the Company have declared a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) a share on account of arrears on the class "A" shares of the Company, payable July 3rd, 1945 to holders of record the close of business June 11th, 1945.

By Order of the Board.
F. H. ELLIS,
Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE
HIRAM WALKER-GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED
DIVIDEND NO. 108

A quarterly dividend of 25¢ a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Cumulative Dividend Redeemable Preference Stock of this Company payable Friday, June 15, 1945 to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, May 11.

DIVIDEND NO. 109

A dividend of $1.00 a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Common Stock of this Company payable Friday, June 15, 1945 to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, May 11.

By Order of the Board,
FLETCHER RUARK,
Secretary.

Walkerville, Canada,
April 6, 1945.

of silver. In the current season work is to be confined to the extension of geophysical exploration, geologizing, surface trenching and diamond drilling with the scope controlled by the available manpower. The original plan of enlarging the shaft, taking in additional supplies, redesigning and equipping the concentrator, is to be adhered to but this will have to await more favorable conditions. When warranted it is hoped to have the property in good shape for active development. The treasury now has about $275,000 in cash. Shares were recently listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

N. F. P., Outremont, Que.—Yes, JAMAICA PUBLIC SERVICE CO. LTD., continues to make satisfactory progress. The company's revenues for 1944 increased $137,784, from $1,401,378 to $1,539,163. Net available for common was $150,900 or $1.12 per share compared with adjusted net for 1943 of 99 cents and dividends in both years of 68 cents. Total customers increased 770 to 16,100. The report for notes that net construction expenditures for the year were $571,800, consisting principally of White River hydro development costs. By the end of 1944, "most materials necessary to complete the job had been delivered, and work of erection has progressed so that the plant is expected to start operation this spring".

R. S., McMasterville, Que. — AUMAQUE has announced its decision to sink a shaft to 500 feet as soon as governmental regulations permit. Diamond drilling at this property in the Siscoe-Lamaque area has disclosed two ore structures. On the south zone an orebody 800 feet long has been outlined. The average width is close to 12 feet and average grade around $17.50. The north zone shows an orebody 500 feet long with an average width of nearly six feet and average grade of about $8.45. Diamond drilling is continuing.

K. J. T., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—A new all-time high for total income was reported by H. SIMON & SONS, LTD., for the year 1944, of $242,421, as against $210,965 for 1943. Retainable net was $130,860, the best since 1929, and comparing with $103,960 for 1943. After preferred dividends, the balance on the common was equal to $3.74 compared with $2.84 a year earlier. The company's standard profits have not been fixed as yet.

Y. J. P., North Bay, Ont.—Eventually your BIDLAMAQUE GOLD MINES shares will be exchangeable on the basis of one New Bidlamaque Gold Mines share, which acquired the property, for each two now held and I would retain the shares. Underground development is planned as soon as conditions will permit. An orebody at least 800 feet long has been indicated in diamond drilling in the central or main section of the shear zone traversing the property. The shear has been traced from the western boundary for a total distance of 3,00 feet. One intersection of $84 over 1.6 feet was reported while others ran from a trace to $28.70 the latter over a foot width. Two drills are operating and Holes 75 and 76 gave excellent results.

W. M. L., Toronto, Ont.—ALDERMAC COPPER CORP. is already in production. Following exhaustion of ore at the company's Rouyn township property a copper-lead-zinc-gold-silver property was acquired near Sherbrooke, Quebec, and brought into production last July. While the mining plant and mill proved up to expectations, underground costs were excessive due to extremely weak walls and irregularities in structure that could not be anticipated and results are stated to have been quite disappointing. When milling commenced it was estimated there was sufficient ore to maintain the 250-ton mill for two years. Operating profit in 1944 was $32,848 but after write-offs there was a net loss of $34,655. Balance sheet shows current assets of $428,880 plus materials and supplies worth $29,261, while current liabilities are shown at $527,612 including a $250,000 bank loan.

A. G. H., Winnipeg, Man.—I understand the results of exploration by RITZ LARDER MINES on its property in the Larder Lake area were quite disappointing. Surface work and diamond drilling was carried out last year. There were reports the company intended to use its available funds to acquire by option or purchase another property but I have not yet heard that this has been done.

NAMED DIRECTOR

A. ASHTON was elected a director of Canadian Oil Companies Limited at the annual meeting. Mr. Ashton is President of Canadian Wallpaper Manufacturers Limited. He has been associated with this company since its inception, coming out from England in 1927.

The Royal Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 231

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (fifteen cents per share) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Friday, the first day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of April, 1945.

By order of the Board.

S. G. DOBSON
General Manager.

Montreal, Que., April 10, 1945.

CANADIAN BREWERIES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

W. C. BUTLER,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of eighty-five cents (85c) per share on the Cumulative Sinking Fund Convertible Preference Shares without nominal or par value in the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared payable on the 2nd day of July, 1945, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of May, 1945.

By order of the Board.

Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario,
April 26, 1945.

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, payable in Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines Limited, payable June 15th, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business May 15th, 1945.

By order of the Board.

J. R. BRADFIELD,
Secretary.

Toronto, April 27th, 1945.

International Nickel Co. of Can.

During the First World War International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited was looked on as a war industry, but in the peace years following that war the company achieved new peaks in production, sales and earnings as a result of new uses for nickel. At the recent annual meeting of shareholders Robert C. Stanley, President, stated that the growth of nickel sales has been substantial and research division was established in 1922. Continuing, he said that it may be assumed that in a young company such as International Nickel this increase will continue if supported by able management and diligent research. This trend of sales in the nickel industry exceeds that shown by most other metals. Sales have increased very regularly and very rapidly since commercial business was resumed after the last war, and officials face the future with confidence and believe that the trend of sales growth in the nickel industry will continue with proper research, advertising and selling activities. These activities will assure satisfactory consumption of the company's many products in a world at peace, the President stated. Mr. Stanley disclosed that no plant reconversion from wartime products to peacetime products is required, and that problems of post-war work and new products have been considered and that plans for procedure have been projected.

Net profit for 1944 of $26,927,652 was equal to $1.71 per share, compared with $31,127,204 and $2 a share for 1943 and $36,847,466 and $2.39 a share for 1939. The 1944 net included 3c. per share refundable tax, and the retained net of $1.68 a share was in excess of the current annual dividend rate of $1.60 per share.

The net working capital of the company has shown consistent growth for years and at December 31, 1944, amounted to $106,710,611, compared with $66,525,563 at December 31,1939. At the end of last year cash, or equivalent, of $53,615,851 was more than double current liabilities of $26,151,119, and in addition the company had investments of $17,331,592.

International Nickel Company has no funded debt and the outstanding capital at December 31, 1944, consisted of $27,627,825 of 7% cumulative preference stock of $100 and $5 par value, and 14,584,025 common shares of no par value. The company has the right to redeem the preference shares at 120%, and accrued dividend, on 60 days' notice.

Dividends are paid to date on the preference stock and distributions are being paid currently at the annual rate of $1.60 a shre on the common stock, the rate being reduced from $2 commencing with the first quarter of 1944. The company's common stock dividend record goes back to 1894. Distributions were omitted from 1920 to 1924 inclusive.

International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited, was incorporated with a Dominion Charter in 1916 and is an operating and holding company. The company controls more than 90% of the world's known supply of nickel, produces a very substantial quantity of copper annually, and is the world's largest producer of platinum. The company's properties in the Sudbury District of Ontario approximate 117,00 acres. International Nickel also had a property at Petsamo, Finland, in the territory taken over by the Russians and the Soviet Government has taken over the property and will pay International Nickel $20,000,000 (U.S. funds) over a period of years.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1944, inclusive, follows:

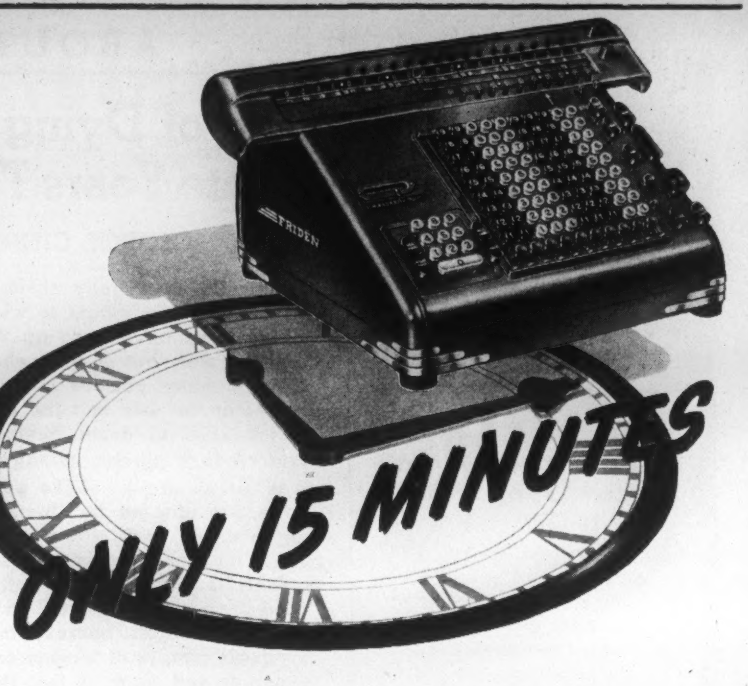
	Price Range High	Price Range Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividend Per Share
1944	35¼	28	$1.71-a	26.1	16.4	$1.60
1943	39¾	27⅞	2.00-a	19.9	14.0	—
1942	36	29	2.15-a	16.7	13.5	—
1941	38¼	29¼	2.22	17.2	13.2	—
1940	47	27½	2.30	20.4	12.0	—
1939	60½	43	2.39	25.3	18.0	—
Average 1939-1944				20.1	14.5	
Current Ratio				20.6		
Approximate Current Yield				4.6%		

a—Includes 3c per share refundable tax 1944, 2c 1943 and 4c 1944.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit	$26,927,652*	$31,127,204*	$33,301,829*	$34,356,401	$35,544,772	$36,847,466
Surplus	82,931,158	81,262,475	81,225,508	79,013,916	75,747,752	71,293,217
Current Assets	132,861,730	123,358,864	118,811,867	122,145,214	103,597,701	85,728,966
Current Liabilities	26,151,119	26,423,662	30,049,068	39,187,665	28,597,721	19,203,403
Net Working Capital	106,710,611	96,935,202	88,762,799	82,957,549	74,999,980	66,525,563
Cash, Call Loans	53,615,851	49,991,635	52,386,291	63,005,115	55,680,601	45,196,624
Investments	17,331,592	14,094,385	9,832,954	7,626,277	2,553,131	540,916

*Includes $400,000 1944, $300,000 $943 and $600,000 1942, refundable tax.



...yes, after *only 15 minutes instruction* on a Fridēn Fully Automatic Calculator anyone in your office can become an Expert on your own Figure Work Problems. Contact your local Fridēn Representative for complete information regarding these *easy to operate* Calculators which are AVAILABLE, when applications for delivery have been approved by the War Production Board.

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LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE	*Increase 14%*	$1,013,019,649
ASSETS	*Increase 17%*	122,624,617
TOTAL PREMIUM INCOME	*Increase 31%*	29,940,317
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	*Increase 23%*	12,173,000
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS	*Increase 38%*	8,175,715
ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS PREMIUMS (in force)	*Increase 60%*	4,949,936

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LONDON ★ CANADA

W. LOCKWOOD MILLER, General Manager

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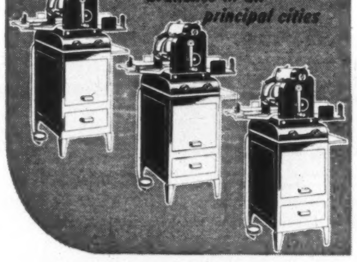

ABOUT INSURANCE

Cost of Dying Has Increased More in Late Years Than Cost of Living

By GEORGE GILBERT

Practically everybody seems to be aware of the extent to which living costs have gone up during the war, but it is doubtful if very many persons are cognizant of the fact that the costs which arise at death have increased to a greater extent.

While all groups of the population are affected by this step-up in dying costs, those in the white collar higher income brackets are relatively not in as good a position to meet them as the wage-earners because their available margin of income over expenses and taxes is less than it was before the war.

ALTHOUGH war production requirements have brought about an employment situation that has resulted in the greatest national income in our history, it is a fact that not all groups of the population have shared alike in the benefits of the increased income, due to the incidence of the new and higher tax levies which have been made for the purpose of providing funds with which to carry on the conflict.

It is true that all groups of income earners have been more or less affected by the increase which has taken place in the cost of living and in general taxation, but those in the higher income brackets—the top half of the white collar class—have now available less spending money than they had before the war, while the wage-earning classes, who comprise the great bulk of the population, have five, ten or twenty times the optional spending power they had in 1939.

While the cost of living has gone up to a moderate extent for all groups of the population, the cost of dying has increased to a greater extent for all groups, on account of the larger amount now required in order to provide support for dependents in the event of the death of the income earner. But in the case of the higher income groups the proportionate increase in the cost of dying has been much greater by reason of the fact that their estates are now also subject to both Dominion and Provincial Succession Duty levies.

Wage Earners' Margin

As far as the wage-earning groups are concerned, they are in a better position than they have ever been to make provision for the higher cost of dying by means of life insurance, Victory Bonds and other forms of saving, as they have now available for the purpose a larger margin of income over actual living costs than ever before.

Many individual wage-earners may already hold some weekly or monthly premium insurance policies, or a $1,000 or $2,000 ordinary life policy, as well as a few $100 war bonds, but in most cases the total sum of their assets is no longer adequate to meet the extra burden which their death at this time would impose upon their families. Accordingly, they should give some thought to the matter of making additional provision for the protection of dependents while they are gainfully employed at present wage levels and are thus in a position to do so.

Some people believe that it is not necessary for individuals to make provision for their own support when their working days are over or for the support of their families in case they are taken by death and are no longer able to provide for them, as the government will soon be adopting social insurance or social security measures, similar to those now in effect in the United States, which will furnish a satisfactory solution of all such problems.

Such a belief is evidently based upon erroneous information as to the amount of the benefits now being received under the social security law across the line. From some statistics recently made public it appears that retired wage-earners are receiving on the average about $23 a month; that wives over age 65 are drawing an average of $12 a month; that widows under age 65 are receiving about $19 a month; that widows over age 65 are averaging about $20 a month; that dependent children are averaging about $12 a month each; and that dependent parents are drawing about $13 a month each. It cannot be said that these income amounts meet the standards which are recognized as minimum living standards. Obviously they do not relieve the individual of the necessity of making additional provision on his own account for the future protection of himself and his dependents.

Present income taxes and succession duties have increased the cost of dying, especially for those in the middle and higher income brackets, and the payment of back taxes and death levies has substantially increased the amount which the individual must make available for the purpose in the event of his death. The so-called clean-up funds which many shrewd individuals have provided for this purpose in the form of life insurance, cash or readily marketable securities will have to be increased in numerous instances in order to take care of these added costs.

Extent of Exemption

For the purpose of making funds available without delay to meet such death expenses, life insurance, if the individual is insurable, provides as a rule the easiest and cheapest method. In the case of making provision for the payment of succession duties, if the life insurance method is adopted and the insurance is made payable to the Provincial Treasurer or designated government official, the proceeds of the policies are exempt from succession duty in some of the Provinces.

For example, in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island the amount of life insurance payable to the Provincial Treasurer or the executor or trustee for the purpose of paying the duty and applied for that purpose is exempt. In Nova Scotia duty is not leviable on moneys received or payable under a policy of insurance which was made payable to the Provincial Treasurer or to an executor for the purpose of paying duty, except as to any excess over the amount of the duty.

In Manitoba the amount of insurance made payable to the Minister or an executor or trustee for the purpose of paying the duty and applied for that purpose is exempt. In Saskatchewan no duty is leviable on moneys receivable under a contract of insurance expressly made payable to the Provincial Treasurer for the purpose of paying duty, except as to any excess over the amount of the duty. In Alberta no duty is payable on insurance moneys expressly earmarked for the purpose of paying, except as to any excess over the amount of duty.

There is no exemption granted under the Dominion Succession Duty Act, or under the Succession Duty Acts of British Columbia and Quebec. The section in the Ontario Succession Duty Act which formerly provided that no duty was payable on that portion of a policy of insurance made payable to the Provincial Treasurer for the purpose of providing for succession duty was repealed in 1937, though it was provided by the Act doing away with the exemption that the repeal would not apply to any such policy in force prior to March 8, 1937. The revision and consolidation of the Ontario Succession Duty Act in 1939 reserves this situation.

Besides affording a most convenient means of making provision for the payment of various expenses and costs arising at death, life insurance furnishes a method by which a considerable saving may be effected by those who have sizeable estates subject to succession duty in any of the Provinces which grant special exemption of insurance moneys earmarked for payment of such duty.

• •

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I am interested in ascertaining the amount of windstorm insurance transacted in Canada during the last couple of years, and the losses experienced in relation to the premiums written. How much of this business is done by Canadian companies, and how much by outside concerns? —F. D. L., Calgary, Alta.

According to advance Government figures released by the Department

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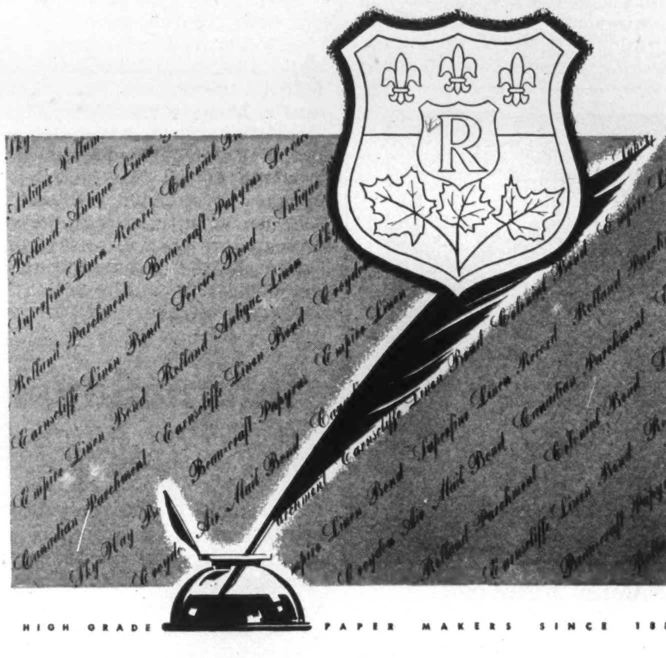

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THE MONARCH LIFE Assurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1906
A PROGRESSIVE CANADIAN COMPANY

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
E. D. GOODERHAM President — A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

of Insurance, Ottawa, the total net windstorm insurance premiums written in Canada in 1944 by Dominion registered companies amounted to $1,673,630, while the net losses incurred totalled $700,357, a loss ratio of 41.85 per cent. Net premiums written by Canadian companies amounted to $176,777, and their net losses incurred were $75,886, a loss ratio of 42.93 per cent. Net premiums written by British companies amounted to $523,775, while their net losses incurred were $214,914, a loss ratio of 41.03 per cent. Net premiums written by United States and other foreign companies amounted to $937,078, and their net losses incurred were $409,557, a loss ratio of 42.09 per cent. In 1943 the total net premiums written in Canada were $920,453, of which the amount written by the Canadian companies was $170,109, the amount by the British companies, $499,152, and the amount by the United States and other foreign companies, $920,453.

News of the Mines

(Continued from Page 43)

pansion and the greatly increased exploration and development work required when adequate labor is again available. Net profits for 1944 were equivalent to 18.8 cents per share as against earnings of 42.61 cents per share in the previous 12 months, and net working capital at the end of the year totalled $3,624,767 as compared with $3,584,880 at the close of 1943.

East Sullivan Mines, lying to the south and east of Lamaque Gold Mines in Bourlamaque township, northwestern Quebec, became the centre of excitement last week due to an intriguing drill hole which encountered heavy sulphides, including three sections of massive chalcopyrite. A new high of $4.50 was reached on the Toronto Stock Exchange on April 27, the advance in two days amounting to $2.50. The drill hole was several hundred feet from previous drilling and its potential importance is found in the fact that good copper assays were secured. Average for 52 feet was 8. 57% with value of $17.85 per ton at price of 10½ cents per lb. for copper. A further 100 feet of core was being assayed for copper, as well as the entire length of 150 feet for gold values.

Also exciting in the drill hole news from Quebec last week was the intersecting of high gold values in the latest probing at Duquesne Mining Company property in Duparquet and Destor townships, a short distance east of the Beattie Mine. An intersection in Hole No. 41 assayed 2.41 oz gold over a core length of 13.7 feet. This hole was located 50 feet west of Hole No. 40 which gave two intersections, assaying 1.80 oz over 10 feet and 0.62 oz over 13.2 feet respectively. Duquesne also soared to an all time high on the Toronto Stock Exchange. A shaft has been sunk to 500 feet on this property and before war conditions suspended underground operation a limited amount of lateral work was done. A Pittsburg group is financing the operation and are reported prepared to finance a mill.

New listings on the Toronto Stock Exchange include Citralam Malartic Mines, Goldhawk Porcupine Mines and Porcupine Peninsular Gold Mines. Citralam Malartic adjoins Norbenite Malartic on the north in the Malartic area of Quebec and is currently diamond drilling testing the fault zone in which Norbenite's ore is located. Authorized capitalization is 4,000,000 shares of which 2,553,338 are issued. The company is controlled and operated by Vincent Mining Corp. Operations at Goldhawk in the Night Hawk Lake area are being financed by Moneta Porcupine and others, and a shaft is to be sunk when conditions permit. Authorized capitalization is 4,000,000 shares of which 2,040,005 are outstanding. Porcupine Peninsular is also located in the Night Hawk Lake area and is capitalized at 3,000,000 shares of which 2,156,000 are issued. Workings are to be deepened and milling of the 1,480,000 tons of indicated ore commenced when government restrictions are removed.

Expectations that Elder Gold Mines would be in production by the spring of 1946 were officially voiced at the annual meeting due to an arrangement with Noranda Mines for daily treatment of 300 tons of its ore. This will obviate the necessity of capital expenditure for a mill and it is felt the cost of shipping and treatment will be no greater than milling costs at the property. Three drills have been operating at the property and a fourth is being added. A. H. Honsberger, engineer in charge of operations estimated upwards of 750,000 tons of ore indicated by drilling grading around $6.16 per ton, and anticipates an operating profit of about $1.50 per ton on the estimated grade of reserves.

International Nickel Co. of Canada faces the future with confidence and believes the trend of sales growth in the nickel industry will continue, R. C. Stanley, president, informed shareholders at the annual meeting. He stated that no plant re-conversion from war-time products to peace-time products is required. Problems of postwar work and new products have been considered and plans for procedure projected. During the five years since the war started, nearly 1,000,000 feet of diamond drilling has been completed in a program to secure future supplies of nickel ore. When the ore which has been discovered by this drilling is proven, Mr. Stanley, believes the additional tonnage determined may be as great as the loss in ore reserves caused by the extraordinary ore consumption during the war.

Acquisition of interests in a number of new properties, one of which is ready for shaft sinking, while on two others diamond drilling has indicated encouraging possibilities, provided the highlight of the operations of Broulan Porcupine Mines in 1944. Production and earnings were lower at the main property due to the labor shortage.

Company Reports

Occidental Life

RAPID and substantial growth continues to mark the progress of the Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, with Canadian head office at London. During 1944 its life insurance in force increased from $887,678,925 to $1,013,019,649, making it the 24th largest life insurance company in North America. Assets increased from $104,439,298 to $122,624,617. Payments to policyholders, annuitants and beneficiaries in 1944 totalled $12,173,000, as compared with $9,857,946 in the previous year. Accident and sickness premiums in force at the end of the year amounted to $4,949,932, as compared with $4,406,739 at the end of 1943. Capital and surplus increased in 1944 from $5,918,896 to $5,175,715. New life insurance sales in 1944 totalled $136,432,990, the largest amount in the company's history.

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United States
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TORONTO

MONTREAL TRAMWAYS COMPANY

Annual Report for Year Ended 31st December, 1944

Report of the President and Directors

For the Year Ended 31st December, 1944

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

Your Directors herewith submit their Annual Report for the year 1944.

Revenue:			
Operating Revenue—Tramways		$18,267,771.80	
" " Autobus		4,043,428.77	$22,311,200.57
Expenses:			
Tramways			
Operating Expenses	$9,881,508.16		
Maintenance and Renewals	3,223,961.51	$13,105,469.67	
Autobus			
Operating Expenses and Maintenance	$3,191,515.65		
Depreciation	740,665.16	3,932,180.81	
Taxes (other than Income Taxes)		710,457.18	
City of Montreal Rental		500,000.00	18,248,107.66
Net Operating Revenue			$ 4,063,092.91
Other Income:			
Interest on Marketable Securities, Call Loans, etc.		$ 53,800.28	
Dividends		50,436.34	104,236.62
			$4,167,329.53
Deductions:			
Interest on Bonds		$ 2,129,136.21	
Exchange		106,066.22	
Amortization of Bond Discount and Expenses		10,942.00	2,246,144.43
			$ 1,921,185.10
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes			540,000.00
Net Income transferred to Surplus			$ 1,381,185.10

SURPLUS AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1944

Balance at beginning of period		$ 2,610,006.94
Net Income from Profit and Loss Statement		1,381,185.10
Transferred from Contingent Reserve		9,000.00
		$ 3,400,192.04
Deduct:		
Transferred to Depreciation Reserve	$ 1,000,000.00	
Reserve for Financing	248,253.43	
Premium paid on Bonds purchased for Sinking Fund	39,818.75	
Reduction in value of properties	124,377.33	1,412,449.51
Balance at end of period		$ 1,987,742.53

The number of revenue passengers for 1944 was as follows:—

	Tramways	Autobus	Trolley Bus	Total
Revenue Passengers, 1944	292,126,858	65,796,022	3,120,061	361,042,941
Revenue Passengers, 1943	288,327,630	63,021,553	3,010,372	354,359,555
Increase	3,799,228	2,774,469	109,689	6,683,386
Increase per centum	1.32%	4.40%	3.64%	1.89%
Miles operated were as follows:—				
1944	34,256,665	11,022,169	308,277	45,587,111
1943	34,257,089	10,661,885	308,412	45,227,386
Increase	* 424	360,284	* 135	359,725
Increase per centum		3.38%	* .04%	.80%

*Decrease.

Taxes, Snow Removal and City Rental

Included in the Operating Costs for the year are the following:

City of Montreal:	
Snow Removal, Taxes and Annual Rental	$ 1,383,364.56
Other Municipalities:	
Snow Removal and Taxes	60,451.36
Federal Government:	
Income Tax, Gasoline Tax, etc.	603,638.03
Provincial Government:	
Taxes, Gasoline, etc.	265,116.27
	$ 2,312,570.22

The operations of the Company from 1918 to December 31st, 1944, have included the following amounts payable to the City of Montreal:—

Snow Removal	$ 5,868,130.53	
Annual Rental	9,611,711.60	
Taxes	10,756,655.51	26,236,497.64
Expended by the Company for Maintenance of Street Pavement		4,264,832.04
		$30,501,329.68

The number of revenue passengers using the services of the Company during the year was 361,042,941, constituting an all-time record and an increase of 1.89% over 1943 and of 72.81% over 1939. Transfers were issued to approximately 50% of the passengers so carried and, in the result, over 540,000,000 passengers entered the Company's tramcars and buses, during the year. To render this service, the Company's vehicles travelled 45,587,111 miles, or an increase of 359,725 miles over the mileage of 1943 and an increase of 13,077,490 miles over the mileage of 1939.

The Company paid out in wages during the year a total of $10,511,671.50.

Income Tax

In the Annual Report for 1943, your attention was directed to an Order of the Montreal Tramways Commission dated January 24th, 1944, under which your Company was ordered to pay to the City of Montreal the sum of $1,000,000.00 out of its gross revenues for the year 1942, the same to be applied on account of arrears of City Rentals, if and when the Commissioner of Income Tax ruled that such payment would be allowed as an operating expense for that year and accordingly deductible for purposes of income tax. This amount was not allowed as a proper deduction by the Commissioner of Income Tax and the Company has appealed from this decision.

Fares

There was no change in tramway fares for 1944, the average rate for the year being 6.07 cents. In 1943, the average fare in cities in the United States with a population exceeding 100,000 was 7.96 cents and no change has been noted in 1944.

Labour Relations

Two strikes occurred during the year—the first on February 18th and 19th and the second from August 3rd to 13th. On August 11th, 1944, the Federal Government by Order-in-Council P.C. 6416 appointed two Controllers who were given wide powers in connection with the Company's transportation service. Heavy penalties were imposed upon employees who did not return to work before a crtain date and, in the result, the second strike came to an end. The Controllers appointed were Messrs. E. L. Cousins and J. E. St. Laurent and they are still in office.

In December 1943, the Negotiating Committee of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees and Other Transport Workers submitted proposals for a new contract involving important changes in the existing agreement. Numerous conferences were held with this Committee and, in the result, various changes were agreed upon. Agreement was not reached on clauses which affected wages payable to employees in the Transportation Department and to "Maintenance Employees." The matter was eventually referred to the Quebec Regional War Labour Board and, on December 5th, 1944, this Board settled the terms of working conditions as affecting Transportation Employees, which, in the result, brought about an increase of $289,000.00 in the annual wages payable to such employees and a corresponding increase in the cost of operation.

On January 19th, 1945, the Company entered an Appeal from this decision to the National War Labour Board on the grounds that such increase was unjustified and that the wages then paid to such employees together with the additional wages payable under Article 110 of the existing Contract were higher than those paid to similar employees in any Tramway System in Canada. After a hearing on February 15th, 1945, the National Board confirmed the previous decision of the Regional War Labour Board. A reference was also made to the Quebec Regional War Labour Board in respect of changes in wage rates as affecting "Maintenance Employees." On January 3rd, 1945, this Board rendered its decision and, in the result, brought about an increase of $85,000.00 in the annual wages payable to such employees.

The Company has asked the National War Labour Board for permission to appeal from this decision, but, up to date, no order has been made.

Subways

At the request of the Greater Montreal Economic Council, and in connection with a post-war reconstruction programme, the Company prepared a Subway Plan. Special surveys of traffic and population trends and engineering studies were carried on by our Staff, and, in order to obtain the benefit of the assistance of those who were familiar with such work, the Company retained the firm of Messrs. DeLeuw, Cather and Company, of Chicago, who have had wide experience in transit planning.

In May, 1944, the Plan was completed and forwarded to the Greater Montreal Economic Council. The Plan involved the construction of nearly nine (9) miles of subway, at an estimated cost of $60,000,000.00.

Rolling Stock

The following additions to Rolling Stock were made during the year: eighteen (18) tramcars, at a total cost of $568,999.12, and forty (40) forty-passenger buses, at a total cost of $747,858.41.

The new tramcars were put into operation on the Outremont line and have given satisfactory service. Certain changes have been made in this equipment owing to difficulties in operation during the Winter months and such changes have produced satisfactory results. Similar cars ordered for delivery in 1945 will contain the necessary improved mechanical devices.

Owing to Government restrictions in war-time, it has been difficult to purchase all desired and necessary new equipment. The maintenance of cars and buses now in service has also been difficult as the result of recognized shortages in necessary parts. It is, however, of record that the tramcars in the Company's service travelled an average of 34,673 miles as compared with an average of 27,224 miles in 1938. These figures indicate the efficiency of the staff and of the employees in the Maintenance Department.

Track, Construction and Renewals

The following tracks were renewed or replaced during the year:

Double Track: Double track on St. Catherine Street, between Amherst and Papineau and between Frontenac and Harbour; on Windsor Street, between St. James and St. Antoine; and on the Swing Bridge over the Lachine Canal at Cote St. Paul Road.

Ladder Tracks: Ladder tracks serving storage barns at St. Denis, St. Henry and Hochelaga.

Special Track Work at the following intersections:—

Sherbrooke and Victoria; St. Catherine and Frontenac;
Mt. Royal and St. Denis; St. Catherine and Viau;
St. Catherine and St. Clement; St. Catherine and Glen;
Ontario and Davidson; St. James and Windsor.

Two additional curves were added to track installation at the intersection of Dorchester and Windsor Streets to facilitate service in the vicinity of the Canadian National Railway Terminal Station.

Buildings

The new operating garage at the Corner of Charlevoix and Ste. Cunegonde Streets mentioned in the 1943 Report was completed and placed in operation on April 1st, 1944, and is giving excellent service. All buildings of the Company have been kept in good repair and working condition.

Your Directors desire to record their sincere appreciation of the loyal and efficient services of the Company's officers and staff during the year.

Your Directors also desire to record their sense of loss and deep regret in the death of Mr. William C. Finley, a Director of this Company for thirty-three years and, for nine years prior to his death, a Vice-President of the Company. Mr. Finley's willing and effective cooperation and advice was at all times of great value to the officers of the Company and to the Board.

Your Directors also wish to express their regret in the death of Mr. Patrick Dubee. Mr. Dubee joined the Company in 1890 and, in 1903, was appointed Secretary of the Company and, in 1912, Secretary-Treasurer. During this long period of service, Mr. Dubee carried out faithfully and efficiently the duties of his office.

Submitted on behalf of the Board of Directors.

R. N. WATT, President.

General Balance Sheet

As at 31st December, 1944

ASSETS

Current Assets:				
Cash and Demand Deposits		$2,412,433.96		
Call Loans		2,725,000.00	$ 5,137,433.96	
Marketable Securities, at cost (Market Value $1,412,687.50)			1,391,062.50	
Accounts Receivable			47,804.59	
Inventories of track and overhead materials, Street Car and Autobus repair parts and supplies, etc., at cost (as determined and certified to by Officials of the Company)			1,117,093.50	
Due by Employees on Victory Loan Subscriptions			443,188.55	
Accrued Interest Receivable			23,319.89	$ 8,159,902.99
Investments				
Company's own Bonds (Par Value $875,300.00)			$ 848,673.51	
Securities of Affiliates			725,248.33	
Securities held for account of Guarantee Fund (Market Value $500,937.50)			500,000.00	
Securities held for account of Autobus Depreciation, Financing and other Reserves (Market Value $3,542,750.00)			3,500,000.00	5,573,921.84
Fixed Assets				
Property, Plant and Equipment			$56,467,887.88	
Less Reserves—				
Maintenance and Renewals		$ 394,792.84		
Depreciation, General		8,000,000.00		
Depreciation, Autobus		2,014,834.28	10,409,627.12	46,058,260.76
Deferred Charges				
Prepaid Taxes			$ 3,976.32	
Uniforms—amount applicable 1945 operations			22,227.61	
Prepaid Insurance, Rents, etc.			44,630.11	
Unamortized Bond Discount and Expenses			112,150.00	182,984.04
Other Assets				
Operators' Ticket Advance Account			$ 65,000.00	
Refundable portion of Dominion of Canada Excess Profits Tax			131,821.26	196,821.26
Note:				
Balance due Company under Contract, payable only when earned: On Account Financing Allowance	$ 670,412.05			
				$60,171,890.89

Verified in accordance with our Report of this date.

SHARP, MILNE & CO., C.A., Auditors.

Montreal, March 9th, 1945.

LIABILITIES, CAPITAL STOCK AND SURPLUS

Current Liabilities			
Accounts Payable		$ 573,105.83	
Wages		1,103,483.64	
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes, less amounts paid on account		1,605,888.45	
Other Taxes		507,538.51	
Bond Interest		322,812.85	
Provision for claims for Injuries and Damages		500,000.00	
Montreal Tramways Mutual Benefit Association		305,199.64	
City of Montreal Rental		125,000.00	
Employees' Security Deposits		35,022.86	$ 5,078,051.78
Funded Debt			
First and Refunding Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds due July 1, 1951 (Payable at holder's opption in Canadian or U.S. currency or in sterling)		$16,900,000.00	
General Mortgage Sinking Fund Bonds due April 1, 1955, Series "A" (Payable at holder's option in Canadian or U.S. currency or in sterling)			
5%	$ 2,542,900.00		
4½%	264,400.00		
	$ 2,807,300.00		
Series "B" (Payable in Canadian currency)			
5%	$21,055,600.00		
4½%	1,828,100.00		
	$22,883,700.00		
Bonds not yet presented for exchange			
5%	$ 345,200.00		
4½%	11,200.00		
	$ 356,400.00	26,047,400.00	42,947,400.00
Reserves (In accordance with provisions of Contract)			
Contingent Reserve		$ 300,000.00	
Other Reserves, including refundable portion of Dominion of Canada Excess Profits Tax		208,808.43	508,808.43
Reserves (For Company's Account)			
Reserve for Financing		$ 1,864,230.89	
Reserve for Redemption of Unpresented Tickets		500,000.00	
Reserve for Exchange on U.S. Dollars		209,000.00	
Other Reserves		76,657.26	2,649,888.15
Capital Stock			
70,000 shares of $100.00 par value			7,000,000.00
Surplus			1,987,742.53
			$60,171,890.89

Signed on behalf of the Directors:
GEO. H. MONTGOMERY
C. E. GRAVEL
Directors.

Certified Correct:
A. A. BOIRE,
Chief Accountant.

SHARP, MILNE & CO.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Montreal, March 9th, 1945.

Montreal Tramways Company,
Montreal, Quebec.

We have examined the balance sheet of Montreal Tramways Company as of December 31st, 1944, and the related statements of profit and loss and surplus for the year 1944, have reviewed the system of internal control and the accounting procedures of the Company and, without making a detailed audit of the transactions, have examined or tested accounting records of the Company and other supporting evidence, by methods and to the extent we deemed appropriate. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards applicable in the circumstances and included all procedures whch we considered necessary.

The provision for Income and Excess Profits taxes shown on the balance sheet is subject to final determination by the Income Tax authorities.

In our opinion, the accompanying balance sheet and related statements of profit and loss and surplus present fairly the position of Montreal Tramways Company at December 31st, 1944, and the results of the operations for the year then ended, in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding year.

(Signed) SHARP, MILNE & CO., C.A.,
Audtors.

Officers: R. N. WATT, President; D. E. BLAIR, Vice-President and General Manager; A. DUPERRON, Assistant General Manager; T. D. ROBERTSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

Directors: *WM. C. FINLEY; SEVERE GODIN; C. E. GRAVEL; BEAUDRY LEMAN; GEORGE H. MONTGOMERY, K.C.; HOWARD MURRAY, O.B.E.; GORDON W. MacDOUGALL, K.C.; R. N. WATT

* Died September 23rd, 1944

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
ROYAL BANK BUILDING
MONTREAL

J. M. PRITCHARD
PRESIDENT

April, 1945.

TO OUR EMPLOYEES:-

"INVEST IN THE BEST"

Over seventy-four years ago there was enacted on the world stage of high politics, a play which, on the Eve of our VIIIth Victory Loan, with victory and world security on everybody's lips, is worth recalling.

The date is January 18th, 1871. The scene is the Hall of Mirrors of the Royal Palace at Versailles, France. The actors are the conquering and victorious German Princes and Generals, assembled with the dignitaries of the German States in a setting of medieval military grandeur. The hero is Wilhelm I, King of Prussia, and the creator of the play is Otto von Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor. It is he who reads the proclamation which bestows the Imperial dignity on Wilhelm I and re-establishes the German Empire. Thus, from French territory, in the wake of a humiliating military defeat inflicted on France, the world is informed of the crowning of the German Emperor and the unification of the German Empire.

This unification, which was in the words of Bismarck, built upon "Blood and Iron", established the German Empire's supremacy on the European Continent. Strengthened and protected by offensive and defensive alliances, the Unity kept the peace until in 1914 it tore off its mask, provoked the Great War, and engaged in a battle of life and death for supremacy amongst the world powers. The Unity survived the defeat of the German Armies in 1918, it survived the flight of the Kaiser, the Revolution and the period of the Republic. With Hitler's rise to power, the Unity gained in intensity and, with the recovery of its military strength, its aspirations grew to world domination, which was on the verge of being accomplished in the early stages of the present war.

Through united action, the Allied Armies are achieving the defeat of the enemy's military might, which we are today witnessing on all Fronts. Through united action, we will have to secure the peace.

In the coming World Conferences efforts will be made to find patterns for World security. We in Canada have as much at stake as any other participating Nation in the success of these Conferences. Jobs must be found for our returning men - our Trade and Industry must thrive - our Currency must keep its buying power. If we are to contribute to World security, which means Canada's security, we first will have to safeguard our internal unity, and we must be strong.

For these reasons, I ask each one of you to prove your loyalty to Canada, and to express your confidence in the future of Canada by subscribing to the VIIIth Victory Loan to the utmost limit of your capacity. By so doing, you "Invest in the Best" which means you invest in victory and in security.

Yours very truly,

J. M. PRITCHARD,
President.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC PRODUCTS

8

INVEST IN THE BEST!